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CONTENTS OF No. 23.

Pages 1 & 2.—O'Byrne; or, The Expatriated, by Mrs. J. Sadlier, (continued.) The Archbishop of Dublin—India. Spirit of the Irish Press, &c., &c., &c.

Page 3.—Personal Recollections of O'Connell, by Wm. J. O'N. Daunt, Esq., (continued.) The Middle Classes in Ireland.

Pages 4 & 5.—Latest Irish News. Dr. Cahill's Letter. Latest Indian News. Irish Marriages and Deaths.

Pages 6 & 7.—Foreign and Home Miscellany.

Pages 8 & 9.—The Bigots and the Grant to the Orphans. The McGee Qualification Fund. The Unemployed and their Advocates. The Biography of an "M. D.;" or, Ten Minutes with a Malicious Dunce. Catholic Libraries and Reading Rooms. Poetry—The Cattle "Drive" on the Nueces, &c., &c., &c.

Page 10.—Cardinal de Berulle—His Life, his Writings, and his Times, (continued.)

Page 11.—United States Army. Edward Everett's Address at Buffalo.

Pages 12 & 13.—Our London and Paris Correspondence. New York Markets.

O'BYRNE;

OR,

THE EXPATRIATED.

BY MRS. J. SADLIER.

(*Continued from our last.*)

Respect now kept the so-lately talkative group silent, and the traveller appeared lost in gloomy reflection, for he sat with his eyes fixed vacantly on the brightly-burning fire. Unconsciously he raised the hat which had hitherto concealed his face, and though the whole figure remained motionless as a statue, yet many a change passed over the countenance, on which the peasants gazed delighted and unheeded. It was a face that gave at once a favorable impression of the mind within—open and ingenuous it was, yet withal there might be too much of proud self-reliance and stern dignity on the expansive brow. The stranger might have been about thirty years old, yet was there a look of care which, by deepening the lines of his strongly-marked countenance, made him seem somewhat older. Starting suddenly from his reverie, he glanced hastily around, and seeing the eyes of the host fixed on his face with a look of melancholy and absorbing interest, he abruptly drew the hat again over his eyes with the air of one who deemed himself insulted. Still he was treated with such extreme respect that he could not give vent to any complaint, and he contented himself with this unequivocal evidence of his displeasure at being so scrutinized. A new thought seemed to strike him, however, for he suddenly broke silence by asking whether any of the O'Byrnes yet remained in the neighborhood. "Och! och! to our great grief, there's not one o' them, sir!" rejoined the host, in a tone of the deepest sorrow. "The ould master's dead many a year ago, an' they say he died in great poverty and hardship up somewhere in Munster; an' the son"—here the speaker paused.

"Ay! what of him?" enquired the stranger.

"Nobody knows where he is, or what's become of him!" replied the honest peasant. "An' och, sir! but it's the sorrowful sight to see the fine ould castle, where many a joyful day we had, goin' to rack and ruin!"

The strangers voice was slightly agitated, as he asked—

"And is the house, then, utterly deserted?"

"Sorra a livin' thing is within the four walls of it, sir! nor wasn't for many's the long year!"

"And may I ask, what is the reason why such sudden ruin has overtaken the O'Byrnes? You will pardon my curiosity, friend!" added the speaker, "but I knew the family well in former times, and would fain learn somewhat concerning their fate."

"Och, troth you're very welcome, sir! to anything that I know of the matther—but sure you need make no apology about axin' for them that's gone—there's many a great *English* gintleman, let alone *you*," he added, significantly, in a sort of under tone, "that axes all about them, an' about the great doin's that used to be hereabouts in ould times. "But sure, you must be a stranger in this counthry," and as he spoke, he cast a searching glance on the face of the listener, "that you don't know about the great persecution that there is against the poor Catholics, an' that all the ould, ancient families are hunted about like wild bastes, an' all their lands an' livin's given to sthrangers, jist for nothin' at all, at all, but bekase they wouldn't give up their religion. Och! but it breaks the hearts o' the whole counthry to see sich goin's on, but what can the people do, sir? It's this that left many a fine castle waste, and many an ancient family, that used to give plenty and contentment to thousands now wandherin' about, an' hidin' themselves from the face of the enemy; an' sure an' sartain the O'Byrnes, God bless them! wouldn't be the ones to turn their coats for the sake of a livin', so they jist fared like the others. As I was tellin' you awhile agone, the ould chief wandhered about from post to pillar, livin' on the charity o' the people—"

Here the poor man's feelings completely mastered him, and he fairly sobbed aloud, leaving the sentence unfinished. The stranger was silent, for his thoughts, whatever they might have been, were far too deep for words; but after the lapse of some minutes, he found voice to ask, seeming, however, as if he half-expected what the answer was to be—

"But the Act of Confiscation, and all those penal enactments that have left Ireland, as it were a desert, are they not repealed? Are our nobles still outlaws in the land of their fathers?"

"Och! wirra, wirra!" replied the host, and as he spoke, his own tears flowed fast and thick, while the women sobbed aloud. "Och! asthora machree! sure there's jist as bad laws agin them now, as when ould Billy was king. Arrah! where do you come from, at all, that you don't know it?"

The stranger appeared still more strongly moved—

"And the O'Byrne—what of him?" he inquired, in a voice scarcely articulate!

"At this present minit, there's five hundred pounds offered for his head!" responded the host; "but thank God Almighty for it, they say he's beyond their reach—people thinks he's in France!"

"Enough, enough! my worthy friend!" ejaculated the stranger, and covering his face with his hands, he let his head drop on his knees. Whatever his reflections were, they must have been bitter indeed, for his whole frame seemed agitated by some mighty sorrow, but as he gave no expression to his feelings, so none could interpret their nature or extent. From this state, he was aroused by the announcement of the frugal meal. A thousand apologies were offered for the scantiness and meanness of the fare, but the stranger, with a sad smile, reminded his kind hosts that it was a luxury to one, who, but a short time before, had no other prospect for the night, than to pass it under the shelter of some projecting cliff. Supper being over, he was installed in the best bed which the poverty of the owners afforded, and this, notwithstanding his repeated refusals to accept of such a sacrifice. However great might have been his sorrows and anxieties, "tired nature" required rest, and he soon slept profoundly, while the worthy host, his wife and mother, spent the night in earnest consultation around the hearth, having previously sent the children to their straw couch. It is needless to say that, of their discourse, their guest formed the chief subject, and morning will perchance show the result—till when we shall bid them good night, in order to recruit ourselves for the morrow.

The sun had already mounted high in the heavens, when the stranger awoke from his dreamless sleep—the hut appeared deserted, with the single exception of a child of three or four years old, who crouched over the burning embers. Hastily donning his humble garments, he approached the door, but had scarcely crossed its threshold, when he was saluted by the full rich voice of his host, Rory McHugh, with a gay "good morrow." The poor fellow had been anxiously awaiting the appearance of his guest, whiling away the time, however, by digging potatoes from the ground, which were gathered up by his wife.

"The top o' the mornin' to you, sir!" repeated Rory, as he dropped his spade, and advanced to meet his guest; "maybe I'm the proud man to see that you slept so well, though I'd make bould to say that ye never slep' on sich a bed before—but, Molly, acushla!" he added, turning to his wife, "wouldn't you jist run and get his honor somethin' to ate—an' we'll have a while's talk till it's ready!"

Molly disappeared on her hospitable errand, and, quick as lightning, Rory was by the side of the stranger. Looking cautiously round, as if to ascertain that they were alone, he addressed the latter, though in whispered tones, as if he feared that the very air might betray them:

"I know you—your life's in danger every minit that you stay here!"

So totally unlooked-for was this address, that he to whom it was made, started, and turned pale—

"How—you know me!" he stammered out, at length,—"Who am I then? for whom do you take me?"

A smile of almost scornful meaning crossed the care-worn face of the peasant, as he replied, speaking still in the same low, cautious voice—

"Arrah! who does your honor take *me* for, that you thought I didn't know you—aye! troth did I—the very first word you spoke, I guessed it—but when I cotch'd a glimpse o' your face; och! its myself that knew at once. Who are you, is it?—och! faix! it id be dangerous to mention that name *now*—we don't know who's listenin'! But don't let it make you uneasy bekase I know the secret—God sees its jist as safe wid me as in your own breast! Now let us go in, for I see Molly makin' signs that the breakfast's ready!"

The stranger mechanically obeyed, and they entered the hut together, but what was his astonishment to see a comfortable breakfast laid out, composed of dainties which he well knew were far from being in use among the lower classes. The mystery was easily explained—honest Rory had set out at the first peep of day for a grocery some three or four miles distant, where he expended all the ready money he possessed in procuring those little comforts which he judged necessary for his guest. The latter was now requested to take his place at the little table which looked (notwithstanding the surrounding poverty) the very picture of comfort, being drawn up close to a bright fire, on a well-swept hearth—and though the table-equipage was of the very meanest description, yet all was perfectly clean. Indeed, the whole scene had undergone a complete transformation under the busy hands of Molly. As Rory and his wife manifested no intention to partake of the meal, the stranger insisted on their seating themselves at the table—but no such thing: "They weren't used to sich fare, and if they took it now, it id only jist put them out o' concate wid what was fittin' for the likes o' them!" In this very cogent reasoning, the guest was obliged to acquiesce, since he could not overcome those respectful feelings which formed the true grounds of their refusal. Already was he seated at the table, when he observed that something mysterious was going forward—sundry whisperings and significant glances were exchanged. At length, Molly dived into a kind of cavity in the rock, which had been hitherto concealed by a sort of cupboard, and after much rummaging amongst what appeared to be old furniture, she emerged from the hole, bearing a large silver cup of antique form and exquisite workmanship, which she proceeded to place on the table with an air of no small exultation. At sight of the cup the stranger changed color, though he continued silent. Rory watched every turn of his countenance with the most intense interest.

"Now, isn't that a purty cup, your honor! for poor people like us to have?—maybe you didn't expect to see sich a fine grand vessel in a place like this?"

"The cup is certainly a handsome one, but it seems strange that you should not dispose of such an article—you who, I am sure, often feel the want of money?" observed the stranger, hesitatingly.

"Och, musha! God help your wit! Sure its an ould family-piece of ours, an' poor as I am, I wouldn't take any money for it—but I hope your honor 'ill make use of it; its little enough respect for us to pay you, for it's not often we have gintlemen to take tay wid us!"

The appearance of the mysterious cup had evidently awakened "thoughts that long had slept," and of no pleasing nature must they have been, for a dark frown settled on his brow. It seemed, notwithstanding, that he was determined not to avow his recognition of the vessel, for he studiously avoided paying any particular attention to it, and in short used it as if it had been any common cup, though his hand visibly trembled when he first raised it to his lips.

Breakfast over Rory inquired whether his guest would not like to walk a little, in order to see something of the country. The latter willingly assented, and they left the cabin together. The storm which had continued during the greater part of the night had given place to a day as bright as one ever sees in November. It was one of those days that seem sent expressly to remind us that summer will again return. There had been a slight frost, just sufficient to make the ground crisp beneath the tread, and the faint sunlight lay cold but lovely on the wintry landscape. On quitting the house, they walked for some half a mile or so along the skirt of the huge mountain, but at length a narrow pass appeared, which led to a deed valley entirely surrounded by high hills. The scene was a beautiful one, it is true, but not to admire, nor dwell upon its loveliness did the stranger pause as it opened before him. An exclamation of surprise burst from him—"Good God! I deemed not that I was so near to it!" he almost involuntarily exclaimed, "I had forgotten that moor! Alas! how time and distance sweep away some of those recollections that we prize the most!" Rory manifested no surprise on hearing this exclamation, but pointing to what appeared the ruins of a castellated building, which rose in sullen grandeur on one of the opposite acclivities:

"Look yonder, sir!—there's the ould castle, where the O'Byrnes lived like kings for hundreds and hundreds o' years—what do you think of the laws that made it a wrack!"

And he looked full in the stranger's face—the tears gathered in the eyes of the latter, and a pang of agony shot through his heart, as he gazed on the ruined pile, which even in decay preserved much of its former dignity. Noble even in ruin, the ponderous wall still looked down with an air of protection on the vale beneath. To a stranger, even it would

have been a sight of no common interest; but to him, who now contemplated the scene, it had a wondrous power—perchance, he had mingled in the gay festivity of those now silent halls—perchance, too, he had loved some of its noble inhabitants, but whatsoever link it was that bound him to the spot, he could have stood forever in mute abstraction, with his eyes fixed on the time-worn fabric, had not the voice of Rory again aroused him—

"Wouldn't you be wishful of takin' a bit of a walk through the ould castle, sir?—its well worth the trouble!"

"No, no!" hastily replied the stranger, as he dashed away the scalding tear, with a quick motion of his eyelids—"no—no, friend! I must beg to be excused!"—

"Well, but, sir," parleyed honest Rory, "I'd be much beholden to you, if you'd come, for there's somethin' that I want to show you—jist come now, an' you'll not be sorry!"

The stranger, though with visible reluctance, prepared to follow his host, and the latter led the way without further preface towards the ancient dwelling of the O'Byrnes.

Having been erected at a time when "every man's hand was raised against his neighbor," and when the continuance of a chieftain's authority often depended on the strength of his fortifications, so Carrig-na-buile displayed the appearance of having been once strongly fortified. The keep or donjon tower remained almost entire, but of the two wings by which it had been flanked, one was a heap of rubbish, while of the other little was seen, with the exception of a few feet of wall, which supported a massive stone staircase—it was strange to see the latter standing almost unsupported, where so many of its fellows had so long lain broken into fragments on the ground beneath.

(To be continued.)

THE ARCHBISHOP OF DUBLIN—INDIA.

The following is an extract of a letter from the Archbishop of Dublin, Dr. Cullen, to his Vicar General, Very Rev. Monsignor Yore. The facts alluded to with regard to what is called "the Crimean Fund," are well known to the Irish public—it was and is a proselytizing fund—a fund which is employed and will long be employed in destroying the faith of the children of Catholic soldiers. The Archbishop of Dublin forcibly and distinctly reminds the public of this fact, and cautions the Catholic public against strengthening the hands of the proselytizers, and thereby becoming participators in their evil work. The letter is dated Rome, 25th September, 1857:

"It has given me much pleasure to learn that a movement is to be made for the relief of our fellow-countrymen who have been reduced to misery by the dreadful and wide-spread revolution now raging in India. Those poor sufferers are worthy of our deepest sympathy, and it is to be hoped that the efforts made to relieve them will be attended with success. However, before we take any step in the matter, or call upon our flocks to do so, perhaps it would be well to inquire how the fund about to be raised is to be managed, and whether there is any danger that it may be applied by bigots to proselytizing purposes. The recollection of late transactions excites doubts in my mind on this head. In the year 1854 you subscribed to the Patriotic Fund, and you were kind enough to hand in my contribution for the same object. I think also that on the same occasion the Catholics of Dublin subscribed very generally according to their means. Now, how was that fund managed? You recollect, and Canon Grimley recollects, that Catholic clergymen of Dublin applied to the managers of the fund in favor of the widows and orphans of soldiers killed in the Crimea; yet, as far as I could learn, not one shilling was then obtained by such applications. When relief was granted in Dublin a parson was always employed to administer it; and I have heard that he generally selected a Protestant Church or vestry as the place for doling it out, thus compelling poor Catholic widows to undergo the mortification of visiting a house of worship which it is against their feelings and conscience ever to enter, and perhaps of waiting for him there before they could see the agent from whom they were to receive assistance.

"You will also recollect that the good Sisters of Mercy, and of St. Clare, and other religious communities offered their services to the managers of the Patriotic Fund for the education, at a very trifling expense, of the female orphans of the Catholic soldiers. Answers were sent to their proposals, but I believe there was not one single orphan committed to their care in Dublin, and I suppose the same may be said of the rest of Ireland. Nor is it to be imagined that the proposals of the good Sisters were rejected for want of funds. Oh! no. There was an abundance of money in the hands of the committee; but, in the impartial exercise of their powers, they thought fit to apply it to the erection or endowment of Protestant institutions. The *Times* of the 9th June, 1856, (if I well recollect) informs us that the committee assigned £140,000, or £5,000 per annum, for the education of 300 daughters of sailors and soldiers, together with £20,000 for a house and grounds. As nearly one-half of the army consists of Catholics, very probably one-half of the orphans to be received in the projected house will be of the same religion. Now, let me ask, how many Catholics will be employed in superintending the education of these Catholic children? Most probably there will not be even one; and, under such circumstances, what chance will the poor children have of retaining the religion of their fathers?

"Besides the grant of £160,000 just mentioned, the *Times* of the same date informs us that an endowment of £25,000 was granted to the Wellington College; £3,000 to the Cambridge Asylum for Widows; £8,000 to the naval school at New Cross; £5,000 to the female school at Richmond, and £5,000 to the naval and military schools at Plymouth and Portsmouth. These seem to be all grants to Protestant institutions and for Protestant education. Not a shilling voted, it would appear, to give a Catholic education to Catholic orphans. Is this justice? Would it not have been a source of bitter affliction to the Irish Catholic soldier dying on the shores of the Black Sea, had he known that his children would be exposed to be robbed of that faith which he valued more than life? And must not such a system excite feelings of indignation in the bosoms of those Catholic soldiers who are now sent to shed their blood for England on the burning plains of India? Surely it is but natural to suppose that they would feel more zealous for the cause in which they are engaged, and more ready to expose their lives to danger, were they assured that the religion of their children would be respected, and those tender objects of their affection brought up in the faith of their fathers.

"But to return to our original object, I am most anxious that everything possible should be done to relieve the sufferers in India; let us, however, have some security that the funds collected will not be applied to the foundation of Protestant asylums for the perversion of poor Catholic orphans. The management of the Patriotic Funds shows how necessary it is for us to be cautious. The continual complaints of Catholic bishops and missionaries in India about the attempts made by the East India Company to proselytize should increase our alarm. Read Doctor Fennelly's late pamphlet and you will see to what an extent that company has attempted to promote Protestantism by perverting the orphans of Irish Catholic soldiers. It appears to me that the proper time for coming to a fair understanding about these matters is before any fund is collected."

† Paul Cullen.

—*Nation.*

SPIRIT OF THE IRISH PRESS.

The Real "Irish Sepoys."—We have heard a good deal lately of "Irish Sepoys." On the face of it the title is neither dishonorable nor otherwise; it may be as honorable as "Irish Spartans," or as infamous as "Irish Britons." It is only by examining who and what the Sepoy is, or has been, that we can ascertain what sort of Irishman most resembles him. Who and what *were* the Sepoys? *"Sepoys" were those who in their own land were the upholders of a foreign rule.* To what class of Irishmen will that description apply?

"Sepoys" were the natives of India, who, for the hire of England—hire wrung out of the blood and tears of their own kindred—were used by England to slaughter their own fellow-countrymen who dared to claim India for the Indians. *To what class of Irishmen will that description apply?*

"Sepoys" were, in fine, (until very recently) the tools of England, who marched under her robber flag on every occasion, and were ready to perpetrate every barbarity at her instance; those but for whose treason to their native land the foreign foe would never have strangled its freedom; those upon whose treason to their native land, and adhesion to her, England, that foe, relied for the maintenance of her hold upon it. Have we any amongst us here in Ireland to whom that description will apply?

Yes; woe and shame to Ireland, yes—thousands. Who in Ireland are the base traitors who deserted the Irish banner, and gave their already perjured allegiance to the English invader? The real "Irish Sepoys." Who in Ireland have ever been at the beck and for the pay of England, ready to hound down their fellow-countrymen; who always struck hardest at their prostrate fellow-slave? The real "Irish Sepoys." Who was "petted and pampered" by England, as the bull-dog is "petted and pampered" for the bloody work of his brutal master? The real "Irish Sepoy." Who in Ireland are, even at this moment, doing England's work for hire?—who, for their miserable "rupees," are engaged in blackguarding their fellow-countrymen for refusing to join in the shriek for blood? The real "*Irish Sepoy Press.*"

Ah, the base Irish Sepoy Press—the base apologists of the most barefaced, and most iniquitous usurpation on God's fair earth—the British power in India. They sympathized with the Indian Sepoys, no matter how cruel their deeds, so long as these deeds were perpetrated against the lives and liberties of their own countrymen. It is not the "treachery" of the Indian Sepoys that maddens them now; it is not their cruelty that curdles their blood so; for these characteristics have been exemplified in many instances long before now, and *with British approbation.* It is that the cruelty is exercised by the Indian no longer upon his own countrymen, but upon those who taught him to do so. The Indian Sepoys' treachery to their own country *we* have *always* condemned, although we could not, and did not, expect anything else under such training, and teaching as that with which they were cursed. But so long as the Sepoys continued to be the willing tools of the destroyers of their country, the pro-English press in Ireland had no abhorrence of their treachery. Here, then, we have the most unmistakable resemblance between the Indian Sepoy that *was* and the Irish Sepoy that was and *is.* The English power is no less an usurpation in Ireland than in India; and in Ireland no less than in India; and in Ireland no less than in India it is a detested power, although it has to be borne. Yet it has its Irish supporters—it has its Sepoys, who, for a wretched stipend, hire themselves as a foreign garrison in their native land. Such are the real Irish Sepoys, as far as the Sepoy has been base, treacherous, and cruel; but the Indian Sepoy now stands before us in another light—in one which may make "Sepoy" a glorious and honorable title. He has arisen from his thraldom; he has returned to his allegiance to his country; he no longer strikes *for* his country's oppressors, but *at* them; he no longer upholds a foreign rule—he fights for his own "Immortal Green," and all the world admire and applaud him. With the Sepoy in this character true Irishmen ambition to be ranked; the "Irish Sepoy" of this stamp are counted by millions; even now their hearts throb, and every eye is fired as they see their cruel and remorseless oppressor stagger and reel beneath the heavy hand of God's justice.—*Nation.*

No Irishman Allowed Amongst the Dragoons.—There is a vast deal said and written just now about the efforts made by a section of the Irish press to prevent the Irish from entering the British army; but what will the gentlemen, who exclaim so loudly against the "Sepoy press," as they are pleased to designate it, say, when we tell them and the public, on the best possible authority, that there is one regiment at least, into which Irishmen are rarely, if ever admitted? Our informant vouches for the fact that a Colonel of a certain Light Dragoon Regiment, now stationed in Ireland, and which we can name if required, sets his face entirely against Irish recruits. Now, if this be the case, as is proved, in one regiment, it may be, and probably is, the same in several others. Does the Commander-in-Chief know this? or does the Dragoon Colonel act according to the orders of our Presbyterian War Minister? In either case the exclusion is not calculated to diminish the reluctance which the generality of young Irishmen are evincing, in the present exigency, to enter the service. If they are excluded even from the ranks of certain aristocratic regiments, how can they expect fair treatment or promotion in regiments of a more plebian character? This system of exclusion reminds us of the times when Catholics were shut out from the army altogether; and it confirms the opinion to which we have elsewhere given expression, to the effect that if Catholic soldiers could be dispensed with, not one of them would be tolerated in the British army.—*Dublin Telegraph.*

Censorship over the Indian Press.—The London journals are rather puzzled, just now, to reconcile the gagging of the Indian Press, with the boasted freedom of opinion that reigns wherever Great Britain holds sway. Up to the present time we have been treated weekly to a regular troop of leading articles and correspondence about the cowardice and tyranny of the Continental despots, who so fear public opinion that they gag the press and place a censorship over every newspaper office in their petty kingdoms. Not a word will we hear in future—at least until the Indian affair is settled—in the way of complaint on that score. The truth is, that in Europe, or in the world, there is not a nation more stringent in its dealings with the press, when it sees reason to dread its influence, than England. We all remember how the Dublin and some Provincial journals were treated in '48. It is nonsense, therefore, to talk of "British toleration" of the freedom of discussion. Let there be any sign of danger arising from free discussion, and it will soon be put down. What could any form of depotism do more? The press of one party is allowed to abuse the other—that's all. But propound a plan for changing the form of government or shaking off the yoke, and your liberty of speech is gone. Now, this is just what is done on the Continent. Why, then, abuse them for doing what we know is done, under similar circumstances, by our own rulers?—*Mayo Telegraph.*

Who are the Monsters.—In our last publication we gave our readers some idea of British rule in India. We therein catalogued a few of the tortures to which the natives of that unfortunate country were subjected by the servant of the East India Company; and even from that short catalogue, we might well ask, "Who are the Monsters?" A nation calling itself civilized, and professing a mission of civilization and Christianity, enact the brutal scenes we have already detailed, till the maddened natives can bear their torment no longer, and conspire for the overthrow of the tyrant. On the other hand, the tortured slave, stung by his sufferings, turns upon his master like a savage and retaliates with the ferocity of a savage. Who is to blame—the British brute, who, under the mask of civilization, goads a peaceful race into atrocities that make one shudder at their enormity, or the savage whose sufferings blind him to every other feeling but that of revenge upon his hypocritical and remorseless persecutors? No one doubts that civilization has larger responsibilities than savagery—the conqueror than the conquered; and if we judge of the respective crimes of the two nations by this standard, an impartial critic will have little difficulty in answering—"Who are the monsters?"—*Kilkenny Journal.*

The Recruiting Sergeant's Last Resource.—Several recruiting parties have been sojourning near Taunton for some weeks past. Surely there ought to be no lack of enlistment where flaming placards, in all the colors of the rainbow, meet the gaze of "smart young men," in such language as the following: "Englishmen! You who have strong arms and stout hearts, have you not heard the dying wail of your outraged and murdered country women, calling upon you to be up and avenge them? You who have sisters and sweethearts that you love, can you hear that hundreds upon hundreds as fair as they have been given up to treatment worse that death, and then to death, with all the ingenuities of torture that hell can devise, and then hesitate? Can you unmoved listen to their agonizing shrieks, and hear the cry of their poor slaughtered babes? Arise, Englishmen, arise! Lay down your sickles, for your work is done, and cold winter comes upon you. Take up the bayonet of good British steel, and go forth to reap a harvest of vengeance upon the cowardly miscreants who roam over the fair land of India, laden with a spoil, and read with the blood of England's outraged daughters!"—*English paper.*

A Fortune-teller's Chattels.—A Shrewsbury paper says: "The body of Nancy Morgan, the old fortune-teller who was murdered by William Davies, at Westwood Common, was buried on the evening following the inquest. Amongst the articles found in the house were a large number of letters from various parties—chiefly females—consulting the old fortune-teller on subjects on which it was supposed her magical power would throw a light. Some of the letters were requests from servant girls that Nancy would come about the 'matter last talked about,' on a certain day, 'when the master and missus would be from home.' Others were making appointments at different places with the old woman. Besides these letters were a great number of packs of cards with which it may be presumed the unfortunate woman 'worked the oracle.' Perhaps the most curious articles discovered were a collection of 'last dying speeches,' and 'authentic accounts of murder,' embracing nearly all that had been committed since the year 1720."

Royal Clemency.—A letter from Madrid of the 23d Sept. says: "The Queen has pardoned a municipal guard who was to have been shot for insubordination. The circumstances under which this act of clemency was decided on are curious. The sister of the condemned had caused a petition to be presented to the Queen while on her way to the theatre. At the same time, when the curtain rose, Madame Ristori, in the character of 'Medea,' interceded for the culprit in a few verses which she declaimed with her accustomed energy. Immediately the Queen declared to two of her ministers, who were with her, that she was inclined to pardon the man, but nevertheless asked their advice. They represented that this was the third case of insubordination in that corps, and that an example had become necessary; she pleaded warmly the cause of humanity, and at length they consented. The Queen instantly wrote the pardon in her box."

Irish Scenery.—A traveller of great experience and in whose taste we have the fullest reliance, a foreigner moreover, and consequently not prejudiced, told us the other day that he considered some of the scenery in Ireland equal, if not superior, to Switzerland. Hear this, ye home-fledged wanderers! Hear this, ye writers of excellent books of travel! Hear this Mr. Walter White! Bestir yourself, and let us, have a few handy readable volumes about the West Coast and the wilds of Donegal. If we are to believe *The Field*, such books will soon be wanted; for the sportsmen are fast growing disgusted with the rapacity of the Scotch landlords, and intend giving them a jubilee for a few years, whilst they try the quality of the Irish moors.—*The Critic.*

Chinese Amazons.—Among the camp followers of the insurgent chief, it was computed, in 1853, that there were, in the city of Nanking, about half a million of women, collected from various parts of the country. These females were formed into brigades of 13,000, under female officers. Of these 10,000 were picked women, drilled and garrisoned in the citadel. The rest had the hard drudgery assigned them of digging moats, making earthworks, erecting batteries, &c.—*Milne's Life in China.*

Nelson's flag ship the Victory was recently pumped high and dry, for the purpose of examining a leak. Her bottom presented a most singular appearance, being covered from stem to stern with oysters, muscles, and animalculæ, upwards of six bushels of the finest oysters were detached from the copper sheeting, and were devoured with great relish by the dockyard workmen. The leak was found to have arisen from a portion of the copper sheeting being worn off. Any shock given to the ship would have allowed the pressure of the tide to have broken through in a body, and down would have gone Nelson's old Victory. Her copper is generally in excellent order, and she appears as yet as though she would well last another century.

PERSONAL RECOLLECTIONS OF O'CONNELL.

BY WILLIAM J. O'N. DAUNT, ESQ.,
OF KILCASCAN, COUNTY CORK.

CHAPTER XXIII.

"Master Humphrey's Clock"—Charles II. and the Irish Colonel—Attack on George III.—Taaffe, the Historian—Private Plays—H——, the Portrait Painter—Martin Luther and the Reformation—Repeal in London—The Kerry Lad.

O'CONNELL was exceedingly fond of good novels. Among his favorites were the writings of Dickens. He was charmed with "Nickleby;" and he had regularly followed the fortunes of "Nell"—the heroine of "Master Humphrey's Clock." But on arriving at the heroine's death, he threw away the book with a gesture of angry impatience, exclaiming.

"I'll never read another line that Boz writes! The fellow hadn't talent enough to keep up Nell's adventures with interest and bring them to a happy issue, so he kills her to get rid of the difficulty."

The conversation turned on the knack some monarchs possessed of rewarding their enemies, and leaving their friends unprovided for. One of the party told a story of an Irish Colonel, who having fought for the Stuarts under General Monk, was utterly neglected by Charles the Second. The discontent of the neglected officer was increased by his witnessing the favors bestowed by the king upon many who had opposed his restoration. Accordingly, he one day said to Charles, "Please your majesty, I have fought in your service and got nothing. An't please you, I can perhaps plead a merit that will find more favor in your royal eyes." "I pray you friend, what is that?" demanded Charles. "Why, that I fought *against* your sacred majesty for two years in the service of Cromwell," responded the applicant. "Oddsfish, man, we'll look to it," answered the merry monarch, tickled with the oddity of the application; and the Irish Colonel was accordingly provided for. The narrator of this story proceeded to say that in times more recent, a man who had attacked George the Third, and forced himself into his majesty's carriage, in St. James's street, had very shortly afterwards received a good appointment in Somerset House.

"Forced into his carriage!" cried O'Connell. "*Et voila justement comme on ecrit l'histoire!* I was witness to the whole transaction, and I can state that nobody forced into his carriage, although his life was certainly in imminent danger. It was in 1795—I was over here in London—Richard Newton Bennet and I went down through St. James's Park to see the king returning from the House of Lords. On passing through Whitehall, there was a tumultuous crowd, and some person flung a penny at the king's carriage, and broke the glass. The dragoons immediately began to clear their way with drawn sabres through the crowd, advancing with great speed along the park, in front of the king's carriage. As the procession approached the place where I stood, I pressed forward to get a sight of the king, and one of the dragoons made a furious cut at me with his sabre, which deeply notched the tree about an inch or two over my head. The mob were all this while groaning and hooting his majesty; however, he got clear of them, and entered St. James's Palace, where he took off his robes in a wonderfully short time. He then came out at the opposite side of the palace, next Cleveland Row, and got into a coach drawn by two large black Hanoverian horses. He was then driven off towards Buckingham House, and just as he was passing the bottom of the Green Park, the mob tumultuously rushed about his carriage, and seizing the wheels, retarded it in spite of the postillion, who kept flogging the horses to no purpose. Whilst his majesty was thus detained, two fellows approached the door of the carriage—the hand of one was on the door-handle, in the act of opening it—had they dragged the king out, he would, doubtless, have been murdered. But the king had a friend in the crowd; at this critical juncture, a tall, determined-looking man presented a pistol through the opposite window at the fellows who were going to open the door—they shrank back, the mob relaxed their grasp on the wheels for one moment—the postillion flogged away, and the carriage went off at a gallop to Buckingham House. Never had king a more narrow escape; the French revolutionary mania had tainted all minds, and men were full of Jacobinism. Richardson was, I think, the name of one of the men who tried to open the coach door; he was speedily afterwards given a good clerkship in the naval department of Somerset House. One of the rioters, who was tried for high treason, was indicted, among other counts, for *grinning* at the king; whereupon he got several friends to prove that he was *always grinning*."

Taaffe, the writer of a book called a "History of Ireland," was spoken of:

"Taaffe was a strange genius," said O'Connell. "He was confined in the prison of Kilmainham after 1798, and felt himself affronted because he was placed at the prisoners' second dinner-table, instead of the first. If the first table was more honorable, it was also more dangerous, being set apart for those who had been ringleaders in the rebellion, and who knew not, from hour to hour, at what moment they might be ordered out for execution. But Taaffe's vanity so far got the better of his fears, that he actually memorialed the Lord Lieutenant against the indignity of being obliged to sit at the second table; pleading, as his claim to the first, that he had fought as often in the rebel ranks as any of the chiefs who sat there; and, moreover, had helped to defeat the king's troops in two pitched battles. His claim was admitted; but he escaped the gallows, which, as times then went, would have seemed an inevitable part of the coveted distinction. His 'History of Ireland' is a curious production. Jack Lawless's 'History of Ireland' is also a unique specimen of historical writing. Jack takes it for granted that his reader knows everything; accordingly, Jack tells him nothing. But he gives copious dissertations on the facts which he does *not* detail, assuming that his reader knows them all beforehand."

We spoke of actors. Somebody said they must lead a very merry life. I said I thought they must lead a painful and harassing existence, if it was only from the perpetual necessity of getting by heart.

"Oh," said O'Connell, "if they have got tolerable memories, that's easy enough. I once got sixty lines by heart, with ease, in an hour."

"Well," said I, "I was trying for three days to get ten lines by heart, to repeat in a private play, and I had to give up the attempt—I could make nothing of it."

"Yes," he answered, "some persons are curiously stupid in such matters. In my young days, we got up a private play at Tralee, in which Ralph Hickson was to take a part. All he had to say was, 'Put the horses to the coach;' and he contrived to blunder that."

"How *could* he manage to blunder that?"

"Why, he said, 'Put the horses *into* the coach.'"

One morning in February I was present, when H——, the portrait painter, called to take O'Connell's likeness, for a picture which was destined to commemorate some Reform meeting. Portrait painters generally keep their sitters in conversation for the purpose of bringing out the expression of the face. I was amused with H——'s exuberant flippancy. Mr. O'Connell was narrating an instance of his own forensic and political success at some provincial assizes, and the patch-work effect produced in his narrative by his auditor's incessant exclamations was ludicrous enough.

"I made," said he, "a long speech on the occasion."

"Yes, yes; a long speech—excellent!"

"And I was listened to at first with silence, but, by-and-bye, the jury began to cheer, and the crowd in the Court House cheered."

"To be sure, to be sure—capital!"

"And I thought the judge looked as if he was going to cheer too."

"Cheer, too? No doubt, no doubt! very good. Please turn a little to the left, sir—that's just it."

"But, on the following day, I had a still stronger proof of my success."

"Aye, aye; so I should suppose."

"A sturdy Presbyterian farmer, a fellow who had been a great leader among the Orangemen of the neighborhood, and a bitter hater of the Catholics, came up to the parish priest, whom he met upon the road—"

"To the parish priest? Ha!"

"And offered to shake hands with him."

"Shake hands with the priest? Bless my soul!"

"And the priest, astonished at this familiarity from such a quarter—"

"No doubt! He must have been amazingly surprised!"

"Expressed his amazement good-humoredly, and asked the man in the course of conversation if he had been in court on the preceding day—"

"In court? Yes, yes. Very good. May I ask you to hold up that sheet of white paper to the left of your face, it reflects the light upon it. There—precisely so."

"'I *was* in court,' replied the man, 'and a greater change has been produced upon my mind than I could have thought possible.'"

"Ha!"

"'I heard Counsellor O'Connell, and, till then, I always thought he was a rough, blustering fellow, who wanted to carry all his ends by bullying and threats—'"

"Ha!"

"'But, instead of that, he appealed to our reason, and not to our fears, and did so with all possible courtesy and gentleness.'"

"Precisely so," cried H——. "With all possible courtesy and gentleness. Admirable! excellent! a most intelligent fellow. Please to hold the paper somewhat higher up. I flatter myself this *will* be a likeness. Since you last sat to me, I have been honored with a sitting by his Grace the Duke of Wellington. His Grace is exceedingly agreeable—has much more humor than one would suppose—kept telling anecdotes the whole time he sat, and told them right well."

"Yes," said O'Connell, "he has seen so much of life that he must have gained materials for being entertaining. He must, I suppose, abound in guard-room sort of stories. We cannot but admit he is a first-rate corporal."

O'Connell compared Martin Luther to Cobbett, whom he said the ex-Augustinian resembled much in the power and constitution of his mind.

"Luther," said he, "commenced his revolt from an eminence. Sprung from humble parents, his talents had raised him within one step of being the superior of his monastery. There is, and has ever been that spirit of democracy in the Catholic Church, that gives to the sons of the peasant and the son of the prince precisely similar advantages in all her monastic and ecclesiastical institutions. Talent and virtue will win the race, although combined with humble birth, and opposed to distinguished descent unaccompanied by moral and intellectual merit. Luther's position in his monastery entitled him to sit at table with princes."

From this observation O'Connell diverged to some of the results of the Reformation, and then suddenly said to a Protestant gentleman who was canvassing the character of Luther:

"Do you know it has often amused me to think how the fable of Pope Joan, which was invented at our expense by some of the reformed, has frequently been realized in the Anglican Church. The head of your Church is now, for the fourth time, a woman. I understood it was recently proposed that there should be an ecclesiastical regency, during the occasional *accouchements* of the head of the Protestant Church; and that the Archbishop of Canterbury, pending those interesting intervals, should be invested with temporary functions of supremacy."

Certain Irish operatives residing in London bestirred themselves about this period in support of the Repeal of the Union. They had meetings to appoint collectors of Repeal rent, and to aid in augmenting the number of members and associates. They invited me to attend a public meeting for Repeal on the 14th of February. A day or two afterwards Mr. O'Connell asked me the details of the proceedings. I told him there was great appearance of enthusiasm, of determination to persevere; that the Irish were as noisy and mirthful as ever they had been at the Corn Exchange, and that the spirit displayed gave me great satisfaction.

"Aye, aye," said he, laughing, "*you* were cock of the roost there, for I was absent."

I said, that if there were not other cocks to share the honors of the roost, it was no fault of mine, as I had canvassed for the attendance of all my parliamentary acquaintance who were favorable of Repeal, but in vain.

Whilst we conversed he told numerous anecdotes. It would not be easy to remember how they were severally introduced; that it was scarcely possible to speak on any subject which did not elicit an anecdote from the stores of O'Connell's recollection. He told me, with great glee, the following story of native Kerry dexterity:

"One day during the war James Connor and I dined at Mr. Manony's, in Dublin, and after dinner we heard the newsvenders, as usual, calling out, '*The Post! The Dublin Evening Post.* Three packets in to-night's *Post!*' The arrival of the packets was at that time irregular, and eagerly looked for. We all were impatient for the paper, and Mahony gave a fivepenny piece to his servant, a Kerry lad, and told him to go down and buy the *Post*. The boy returned in a minute with a *Dublin Evening Post;* which on opening we found, to our infinite chagrin, was a fortnight old. The roguish newsvender had pawned off an old paper on the unsuspecting Kerry tiger. Mr. Mahony stormed, Connor and I laughed, and Connor said, 'I wonder, gossoon, how you let the fellow cheat you? Has not your master a hundred times told you, that the *dry* papers are always old, and good for nothing; and that the new papers are always *wet* from the printing-office? Here's another fivepenny. Be off, now, and take care to bring us in a *wet Post.*' 'Oh, never mind the five-penny, sir,' said the boy, 'I'll get the paper without it,' and he darted out of the room, while Mahony cried out, 'Hang that young blockhead, he'll blunder the business again.' But in less than five minutes the lad re-entered with a fresh, *wet* newspaper. We were all surprised, and asked him how he had managed to get it without money.

"'Oh, the asiest way in life,' said the urchin. 'I just took the *dry* onld *Post*, and cried it down the street a bit.—"*Dublin Evening Post! Dublin Evening Post!*" and a fool of a gentleman meets me at the corner, and buys my old dry paper. So I whips across to a newsman I sees over the way, and buys this fine, fresh, wet new *Post*, for your honor, with the money I got for the onld one.'"

By way of addenda to this week's chapter of "Personal Recollections," we give the following sketch of the birth and family of Mr. O'Connell, taken from the *Catholic Institute Magazine*, a monthly periodical published in Liverpool, and one which we are assured on good authority has rendered considerable service to the Catholic young men of that place, besides supplying them with a variety of pleasant and intellectual reading. Many of the details given in the extract we are about to introduce correspond exactly with several anecdotes on the same subject related to us by members of the O'Connell family:

Any Kerryman of ordinary discrimination who chanced to pass a comfortable-looking country residence at Carhen, near the town of Cahirciveen, on the morning of the 6th of August, 1775, must have remarked, upon the instant, that an unusual amount of domestic bustle was being enacted therein. Many a village gossip, determined to ascertain from "the fountain head" the truth of certain vague reports which had circulated through the quiet village, was seen to hold a strict colloquy "*with the sarvent maid,*" and depart joyously with the intelligence that Mr. Morgan O'Connell had got a son and heir. A greater bustle was observable a few days later, when the parish priest alighted from his horse at the door, and proceeded to baptize "the little stranger," who, it had been agreed on all sides, should be called after his worthy grandfather, the late Daniel O'Connell of Darrynane, a gentleman of ancient family and independent fortune, who died some eight or ten months before. Few thought that that little helpless baby which received with piteous lamentation the chilling water of regeneration, would one day become the giant-minded patriot and lawyer, the terror of his political and legal opponents, and the idol of the long-oppressed people, whom there is little doubt he loved better than his life.

The mansion alluded to above has long since fallen into ruin, and the benighted traveller who now passes that way may not unfrequently hear the gloomy howls of the night-wind, as it wildly runs through the cold grass-grown rooms and corridors of Carhen House, where merry musical voices, and joyous peals of laughter, had so many times found utterance in days gone by.

England had rarely felt more humiliated than she did at the time of O'Connell's birth. 'Twas in that year (1775) the two powerful armies of Albion and America, first clashed together, and fought with steel to steel on the plains of Lexington, and the Heights of Bunker's Hill. The latter engagement took place only a couple of weeks previous to O'Connell's first appearance on the great stage, and almost immediately after, the resolute young Republic, in spite of England's teeth, unfurled the star-spangled banner of independence.

Daniel O'Connell, of Darrynane, who died in 1775, was the last member of his stock, or, as it would be termed in Scotland, his clan, who exercised a curious feudal privilege and propensity which the wild character of the place, and the license of the times in some degree sanctioned. Old Daniel O'Connell lived in his castle of Darrynane, a petty prince of the wild and thinly populated district of Iveragh. His watch towers, like those of Drachenfels and Frederickstein, looked grimly down upon the craggy coast; and many a light merchant vessel pitched to and fro upon the dark and boisterous Atlantic waves, received its death wound against the sharp stony rocks, which, like a vast *cheveaux de frize*, protected the shore. Deserted by its crew, the ship usually fell to pieces soon after, disclosing a cargo of coopered meat, or perhaps preserved fruit from Alicant; whereupon down rushed O'Connell's retainers, and bore off the booty amid shouts of exultation. Many a life the old chief of Darrynane saved from a watery grave; but with the casuistry and feudal spirit of the time, he invariably detained within his territory whatever property chanced to be wrecked upon it. On the principle that the lord of the manor is legally entitled to the property of him who commits suicide within its precincts, O'Connell of Darrynane considered that he had every right to appropriate the good things which, floating, sought for shelter beneath his walls. After all, perhaps it was better that the old chieftain and his retainers should fall in for an occasional cargo of hams and dried fruit, than that it should become the food of sharks and codfish.

Of the wife of this remarkable personage, we shall now speak from information supplied by some of her descendants. Springing from the old feudal sept of O'Donoghue of the Lakes, she allied herself in marriage to O'Connell of Darrynane, early in the last century. This extraordinary woman was recognized through the length and breath of Iveragh, by the name of Morna Duiv, or Black Mary. She is traditionally described as a woman of most vigorous intellect, whom her friends, with mingled feelings of reverence and awe, used constantly to consult. Her scathing powers of sarcasm, and violent denunciation of all who happened in any way to thwart her purposes or inclinations, are still described by some old Kerry families, with a steadiness of outline, as though Morna Duiv had but yesterday passed from amongst them. Her eldest son, Maurice O'Connell, of Darrynane, familiarly known as "Old Hunting-cap," died about thirty years since at the advanced age of ninety-five. The very considerable period which has elapsed since Morna Duiv lived, and the permanence of the impression which her strong mind and despotic temperament have left behind, may be inferred from the above fact. Morna Duiv's demeanor towards her servitors and laborers was stern in the extreme. When paying them their wages at the end of every week (as she always did), it was invariably accompanied by the ejaculation, in Irish, "Jhudug Dia tharava yuth fe mor a helish!" which, being translated, signifies, "May the Almighty prosper or melt away your wages according as you earned them."

We regret our inability of giving the entire of this interesting paper.

(To be continued.)

THE MIDDLE CLASS IN IRELAND.—One great cause of the misfortunes of Ireland has always been, that as soon as a man ceased to be absolutely dependant upon his manual labor for support, he at once set up for a gentleman, and despised and altogether abjured his former associates; and not only did he do nothing for himself, but he too frequently brought up his children to do nothing also; the consequence was that the middle class was not perpetuated, but the children having no profession, subdivided their father's property and quickly relapsed into the laboring class. Of late years, however, signs of the creation of this class, in its true character, have appeared.—*Leader.*

MR. MAGUIRE'S BOOK ON ROME.—The Messrs. Longman have received a proposal from the eminent Cologne publishers by whom the translation of "Fabiola" has been issued, to translate Mr. Maguire's book into German.

LATEST IRISH NEWS.

Antrim.

We have heard it stated that the Irishman, screw, came in contact with a schooner, off Moville, which so disabled her that 140 head of cattle were lost. It has been also stated that the schooner had up no lights at the time. That a collision occurred, and that considerable damage has been done, is certain. The Rose, screw, left Londonderry one and a half hour later than the Irishman, and found her at anchor, off Moville, with funnel and foremast down. A passenger by the Irishman, who came on board the Rose, stated that he lost 75 head of cattle, while a Londonderry dealer, named Ferguson, lost 35 head.—*Belfast Mercury.*

Mr. Gallaher, with that great benevolence of disposition which has ever characterized him as a true and kind-hearted Irishman, has written a note to Captain M'Bride, offering to give a public entertainment for the benefit of those poor persons who are the victims of that cruel law which recognizes no settlement for the poor Irish laborer in England. The conduct of Mr. Gallaher in this matter is deserving of all praise; it is only what we expected he would do.—*Ulsterman.*

The Rev. John White preached in Corporation square, Belfast, on Sunday, to a large congregation. The Rev. Mr. Vance preached in Agnes street to about 300 persons. Rev. W. Johnson, of Townsend street, also preached at Shankhill road, corner of Boundary street, to a large congregation. There were no interruptions during any of the sermons. The *Ulsterman* informs us that a clerk in a commercial house in the town also held forth to a large audience in Stanfield street, a most Catholic locality.

A meeting of the members of the Belfast Gun Club was held in the Nelson Rooms, and the club was formally dissolved, in consequence of the intimation of the Lord Chancellor in reference to Orangeism and the magistracy.

The Belfast papers announce the death of the Rev. William Smith, Professor of Natural History in the Queen's College, Cork.

Carlow.

A man named Daniel Donohue, accompanied by another named Dwyer, went into a house in Tullow; some scuffle ensued, and they went outside, when, it was supposed, Donohue either received a blow from Dwyer, or that he was so drunk he fell, thus causing an injury to his skull, from the effects of which he expired. Dwyer was arrested, charged with the murder, but was discharged, the verdict returned at the inquest being that death was caused by a fall while in a state of intoxication.—*Post.*

Telegraphic communication was opened on Tuesday between Kilkenny and Bagnalstown.

Cavan.

We have learned from a most creditable informant that the attempts at recruiting for India have been a complete failure in Cootehill. The "ribbon" sergeant, a native of the town, and most becoming in his ways, left after a six weeks' sojourn without procuring a single man to join the British ranks. This is rather gloomy, for Cavan was always considered ultra loyal, and the "Ash-field Blazers" of a type more than "true blue."—*Nation.*

The last Cootehill fair was, particularly in the evening, very large, as, at about four o'clock, P. M., there could not have been less than some 20,000 persons assembled, the greater portion of whom were young persons, who came into town to amuse themselves, the evening having cleared up, and become fine, after the rain in the morning. A considerable portion of this vast concourse consisted of rather handsome and well dressed young women.

Clare.

The quiet watering place of Kilkee was thrown into a state of considerable excitement by the report of a vessel having been lost at a small bay called Farahy, about three miles north of Kilkee Bay. A large party of the police force proceeded to the scene of accident, and stated that the vessel is a brig (name unknown as yet), laden with oranges and lemons; that she sustained considerable damage in her bottom, but that she is not a wreck, and that no lives have been lost. Contrary to first reports, it is said that the crew of five remain on board. It is worthy of consideration whether a lighthouse erected upon the north headland of Kilkee Bay would not be the means of inviting the mariner to a safe harbor, or at least a wide smooth strand, when driven by storms upon this iron-bound coast. There are but few places from the Shannon to Galway where life can be saved in a gale of wind. Three vessels have now been driven in of late years. A large passenger ship, the Edmond, was lost in this bay only four or five years since.

The Earl of Clare has kindly given one acre of land for the site of a school-house in the parish of Cloneagh, and contributed £30 towards the building, for which Rev. D. O'Brien and parishioners return their most sincere thanks. His lordship has also granted leases to all his tenantry in that locality at moderate rents.—*Limerick Reporter.*

Cork.

The committee for the erection of a statue in this city to the memory of the late Rev. T. Matthew met at the committee of Merchant's Room, Commercial Buildings. Mr. J. Hogan, the sculptor, was present, and on the question arising as to whether the statue should be made of marble or bronze, he stated that the latter material would be better suited than the former to this climate. The subject having been discussed, it was determined to erect a bronze statue, eight feet in height, having a plinth of six inches, on a limestone pedestal ten feet high, with eight feet base. The cost of the statue will be £1,000, and of the pedestal about £150. As bronze cannot be properly worked in frosty weather, the statue cannot well be commenced before next summer, but if the contract be entered into within a short time Mr. Hogan engages to have it completed by the 1st of January, 1859. It is stated that it will be cast in France. The committee discussed the various sites in the city suitable for its erection. Three places were mentioned, viz.: the South-mall, at the end of Warren's-place, the Grand Parade, between George's street and Tuckey street, and the centre of Patrick street, between Winthrop street and William street. No decision was come to, but it is believed that the latter is the site most likely to be selected. The statue will thus be commanded by a view from Patrick's-hill, and the entrance to the city from Patrick's-bridge. It will also be visible along Patrick street, from within a short distance of the Grand Parade.—*Constitution.*

Derry.

An influential assemblage of the inhabitants of Portrush and surrounding neighborhood met to entertain the project of establishing a harbor of refuge between Skerries and the main land, by enclosing the large space between both. The Earl of Antrim took the chair. William Dargan, Esq., who was present, stated that the Lord Lieutenant had inspected the place, and was in favor of the project. The favorable opinion of the directors of the Cunard American Steam Company was also quoted. On the motion of Mr. Macartney, M.P., a committee was appointed to prepare evidence in favor of the project to be laid before Parliament.

The seven o'clock up train from Enniskillen came into collision with a bullock on the rails near Carrigane, three miles from Derry, which forced it off the line. The fireman fell off the engine and was cut in pieces by the carriages passing over his body. The driver is also killed, but the passengers sustained but few injuries. The line is completely blocked up.—*D. E. Post.*

We have now lying at our office for inspection a very large potato, grown on the lands of Caw, by Dr. Duddy. It is of the white-rock species, and weighs upwards of a pound and a half. The owner has an acre and a half of the same quality, but we should say few of them are so extremely large.—*Journal.*

Down.

A young man, named John Alexander Rankin, of Aughneskeagh, near Dromara, grocer and dealer, was murdered on Saturday with a knife, by Wm. Hanna, of Gransha, sewing agent. Deceased was returning home from the Dromore fair, and took up with Hanna, when words passed between them, and the unfortunate deed was done. Rankin lived only a few minutes after he was stabbed. Hanna has escaped for the present.—*Nation.*

Dublin.

SEDITIOUS PLACARDS.—A woman named Margaret Murphy was brought up in the custody of Sergeant John Fitzpatrick, 5 B, charged with "conveying and exhibiting a placard on the crossing at Westmoreland street and College street of an inflammatory nature, calculated to excite the minds of the public, and to prevent enlistment in the Queen's service. The prosecutor deposed that he took the prisoner into custody, as mentioned in the charge, and exhibited to the bench the placard complained of. It contained at the head a copy of a sketch which lately appeared in *Punch*, of a personage in ecclesiastical costume, grinding an organ, and 'John Bull' looking from a window, and desiring him to 'move on' as he had his 'Indian affairs to attend to.'" There was also lower down a cut representing a recruiting sergeant with a fool's cap, kneeling to a priest with a cross on his breast. The placard was in the following terms:

"HELP WANTED.

"The editor of *Punch*, most anxious to know 'who will save the country,' is publishing 'magnificent pictures' to 'fire the blood' and steel the hearts' of shopmen and others. The annexed is one of them, intended to 'fire the blood' and 'steel the hearts' of Catholics in a particular manner. Therefore we appeal to all Catholic Irishmen to convince the English defamers of our faith, that they have not labored in vain; that they have indeed 'fired our blood and steeled our hearts,' as we have hearts to feel the insults to our bishops, ay, and blood to shed in defence of our liberty, of our altars, but none to uphold spoliation, and souperism, and fraud, at home or abroad."

The ceremonial of inaugurating the statue of Thomas Moore on Wednesday, 14th October, proved in every way much more than a mere form. For a considerable time previous to one o'clock, the hour fixed for the commencement of the proceedings, crowds of persons collected round the enclosed space at the pedestal of the statue, which was reserved for special accommodation. The railings of the Bank became clustered with young and old spectators eager to gratify their curiosity, and in the course of the day the College wall and the windows of all the houses overlooking the scene were numerously occupied with groups of interested observers. The amount of popular interest excited on the occasion was a remarkable feature and no slight tribute to the memory of national genius. The performance by the band of the 1st Dragoons, which were stationed close to the statue, of a selection of those beautiful airs which are never wearisome, could not have failed in a considerable degree to awaken in the breast of every person susceptible of impression through the medium of music sentiments congenial to the occasion. The seats reserved within the enclosed space were thronged with a numerous and most fashionable assemblage of ladies and gentlemen. The Right Honorable the Lord Mayor was present in his state robes, attended by the City Marshal and Sword Bearer, and a number of members of the Corporation, including Alderman Hoyte, Councillors Acheson, Wharton, Price, Taggart, Curran, Hutton, Tracy, Dr. Gray, &c. The Lord Lieutenant arrived at one o'clock, accompanied by Major Bagot, Lord Otho Fitzgerald, the Honorable A. Ellis, Mr. Howard, private secretary, and a party of ladies from the Viceregal Court. The chair was taken by the Earl of Charlemont, who was hailed with hearty and general applause. The statue, which is of bronze, is nine feet high, and stands on a granite pedestal eighteen feet in height. It is a handsome ornament to one of our most crowded thoroughfares. The house in Aungier street, the birthplace of Moore, was brilliantly lit up on Wednesday night, by the present occupier, Mr. Daffran.

A reverend gentlemen holding an important appointment in the Irish Church, having arrived from Holyhead by the mail steamer, took his seat in a carriage of the Kingstown Railway, the only companions of his journey being a respectable looking lady and a young female, apparently her daughter. When the train got into motion the elder of the passengers suddenly exclaimed, "I am robbed of my watch and purse!" and when they reached Salthill she told the station master and a policeman that "there was one of the swell mob in the *carriage*," and again loudly announced her alleged loss. The rev. gentleman was exceedingly perplexed how to act in this delicate predicament. At the Westland-row station the ladies were about leaving the carriage, but the reverend gentleman interposed, adding that he could not allow their imputations any longer to pass unquestioned. Having called the station superintendent, and a policeman, he repeated to them the elder lady's words, and then requested an exchange of cards with her. By this time she had thought over the gravity of her accusation, and alarmed at the consequences, tried to escape. Neither the rev. accused nor the policeman could extract a card from either of the ladies, who insisted that the expressions used at Salthill were "there is a swell mobsman in the *train*." At the request of the superintendent the rev. gentleman accepted this apology; but the strangest part of the episode was yet to occur. Before the ladies left the platform the missing watch was found in the folds of its owner's garments. She still held, however, that her purse had been stolen.—*Evening Packet.*

An inquest was held by Dr. Kirwan, at 25 Upper Grange gorman, on the body of Francis Murphy, aged 39. It appeared from the evidence of James Murphy, brother to the deceased, that they had been both employed as watchmakers by Mr. John Donegan in his factory at Temple lane. On Saturday the deceased quitted his work and went into a yard at the rear of the factory, where he was found shortly afterwards lying on the ground, and working as if in convulsions. Medical assistance was immediately procured, but he died in a few minutes. Dr. Long had no doubt but that he died from an apoplectic attack. Verdict accordingly.

There was exhibited at our office an apple which we may truly describe as a monster, measuring, as it did, thirteen inches in the circumference of the width, and fourteen in that of the length. It was from the orchard of Mr. Boughton, Cooldrina, Leixlip, and of the kind known as "Cat's Head," but termed in this city "Basketfulls." The tree on which it grew produced no less than 400 apples.—*Freeman.*

While a boy of about ten years of age, named Charles Byrne, was riding a horse belonging to his father on Beggar's bush road, he knocked down a woman, named Margaret Farrell, who happened to be passing at the time. On being raised from the ground she was found to be in a most dangerous state. The police had her at once conveyed to Baggot street hospital, where she died on her arrival.

Galway.

The Galway Commission of Inquiry was finished on Wednesday, the 14th ult. Some witnesses were examined at the sitting of the commissioners, but no facts of importance or public interest were elicited.

Kerry.

Two brothers (young farmers) named Thomas and John M'Mahon, of Curraghmore, in the parish of Molahiffe, proceeded with their sister to the residence of her husband, a farmer named Counehan, at Clonlara, about two miles distant, with the object, as it appeared, of backing their sister against her husband and his family, with whom she did not well agree. When they arrived at Counahan's house, the brothers asked if Counehan or any one of his name dare insult their sister? The brother-in-law said nothing to them, and was carried away, but a cousin of his, named James Counehan, who was in the house, said he was a Counehan—what of it. On which one of the M'Mahons, without further provocation, struck him with a pike-handle on the side of the head and fractured his skull. He became at once insensible, in which state he remained without amendment. The M'Mahons have run away from home to escape arrest—informations having been lodged against them.—*Post.*

Limerick.

A few weeks since an Irish gentleman, worth some ten or twelve thousand a year, arrived at the Pavilion Hotel, Folkstone, and after staying a few days, fell in love with a pretty chambermaid, to whom he offered his hand, which, after some conversation, was accepted. The wedding took place in London, and the happy couple are now sojourning in Ireland. The gentleman's age is 65; his bride is about 36.—*Chronicle.*

At Askeaton fair there was a good supply of swine; bacon rated at 55s. per cwt.; sheep were inferior in description, but averaged high, from 30s. to 45s.; horned cattle scarce; milch cows sold from £10 to £13.

The Right Hon. Mr. and Mrs. Monsell gave an entertainment to the children attending the school at Tervoe, of which Mr. Monsell is patron.

Meath.

A new commission to inquire into the amount, &c., of the real estate left by the late Captain John Wilson, of Roosk, has been issued, and will sit at Kilmainham. Mr. Sergeant O'Brien and Charles Hawkes Todd, Esq., barrister at law, are the commissioners.

Roscommon.

At the Athlone Petty Sessions, a number of publicans were fined 12s. 6d. each for having their houses open before two o'clock on the 7th ult., the day set apart by royal proclamation for humiliation and prayer.

Tipperary.

On the morning of the 6th October, the walls of Nenagh were placarded in several places with seditious productions. The posters were done with a pen in bold letters, and a printer could not display greater taste in the selection of striking lines than was shown in tracing out the principal words in the infamous documents. On the corner of Chapel lane a placard was posted up, containing the following language: "Tipperary men! are you men! If you have the spirit of Irishmen, do not neglect Ireland's opportunity! Up for the Green! Hurrah for the Indian Revolution!!" The punctuation was in the original; the notes of admiration were made with perspicuity. In the vicinity of the chapel, on the shutters of an unoccupied house, was the following: "Glorious news. England defeated. God bless the Rebels of India. Hurrah for freedom." One of the church piers was also made the bearer of another inflammatory placard.

One of those melancholy acts of self-destruction lately occurred, which, happily, are of unfrequent occurrence in this locality. A seampstress named Mary Crotty, an apprentice of Mrs. Mary Hogan, of New street, was induced through the effects of passion to leave her mistress's house that night, and she was found lying dead on the following morning, caught in the iron rack in the watercourse of the Manor mills. It is a rather singular fact that this wretched young creature's father destroyed himself in a fit of temporary insanity; and her mother for twelve months before her death was insane. The jury who were empanelled upon the inquest have considered from this circumstance

and from the evidence respecting the girl's general conduct, that she flung herself into the river Suir while excited by insane feelings, inherited from her parents.—*Clonmel Chronicle.*

Colonel Wynne, one of the railway inspectors for the Board of Trade, proceeded to Roscrea, to make his official examination of the branch line of the Great Southern and Western Railway to the town of Roscrea, being a part of the line to Parsonstown. This portion of the line is eleven miles in length and has been constructed by Messrs Bagwell and Edwards, the contractors, who, together with Mr. W. Lefanu, the engineer of the company, and Mr. Millar, C.E., attended the inspection. The Colonel having examined the line most minutely through its entire length, granted the formal certificate, and expressed his entire approval of the manner in which the works were planned, and of the execution of them by the contractors.

On the 5th ult. the wife of a farmer named John Wall, residing at Seskin, near Carrickbeg, was brought, in consequence of insane symptoms which she suddenly manifested, to the residence of her mother, Mrs. Patrick Landy, of Ballydine, who promised to take care of her. At about five or six o'clock the same evening the poor lunatic, who appeared to be wholly incapable of minding herself, was found lying dead on a heap of oats. The deceased was buried at Burnchurch graveyard.

The sum of £32 10s., including a subscription of £5 from Baron Pennefather, has been collected in Fethard for the relief of the Indian sufferers.

Waterford.

The Young Men's Society had a very great treat conferred on them by the kindness of the Rev. Dr. Anderdon, who delivered in the Large Room, Town Hall, a very interesting lecture—the subject being "Recollections of Visits to some of the Principal Capitals of Europe." The attendance was large and respectable. The chair was occupied by the Rev. Mr. Kent, P.P., who announced that those lectures for the future would be open to the Catholic citizens, and was then followed by the Rev. lecturer, who gave most interesting details of his native place, (London,) then his visits to Paris, Berlin, Dresden, Constantinople, Athens, Venice—of each city giving a most masterly description, detailing their chief characteristics—in some their present, in others their past greatness. A deep religious feeling pervaded the entire discourse, which was listened to with the most enthusiastic plaudits.—*Chronicle.*

Wexford.

A series of ten lectures were commenced in the Theatre, by the Rev. Dr. Cahill, a gentleman whose abilities as a lecturer are known and highly appreciated not only in Ireland but in England. The subjects are of the most engrossing interest—Astronomy, Geology, and India, and cannot fail to attract large houses. We cannot, therefore, but calculate that the audiences on the nights of these lectures, will be greater than we have hitherto seen, to avail themselves of the information, enjoyment and amusement presented them by the Directors of the Wexford Mechanics' Institute.—*Independent.*

Wicklow.

The rejoicings upon the occasion of the attainment of full age by Viscount Powerscourt, who is now Lord of Powerscourt, took place at Powerscourt. An address of congratulation from the tenantry was presented to his lordship. A large marquee, erected in the lawn in front of the house, was fitted up and tastefully decorated with laurel, flowers, and banners, for the purpose of an entertainment. In a small tent adjoining it the band of the North Downshire Militia were stationed, and afforded excellent music during the repast. The closing features of the day's festivities were the illumination of nearly all the surrounding hills by large bonfires, and the illumination by candles, transparencies, &c., of the town of Enniskerry. A large bonfire also blazed on the summit of the Sugar Loaf Mountain, and was visible from a considerable distance. The hills on which bonfires were lighted were Manlin, War Hill, Knochree, Annacrevy, and that particularly adjoining the Glencullen property. One of the largest and most conspicuous was that in the field opposite the Cuttlestown Schoolhouse.

As the day coach which conveys the mails from Wicklow to Wexford was descending the hill into the town of Arklow the drag chain and haims broke. The horses became unmanageable, and after running to the centre of the town the coach was upset with a terrible crash. The passengers (four in and twelve out) with a huge pile of luggage, were flung in all directions. Several were cut and bruised. A gentleman (name unknown) got a severe cut in the back of the head, and was much injured. Mr. Barnwell, of Dalkey, had a most providential escape, as he was thrown on his head and got a very severe cut over his temple. He was, however, able to proceed home.

The ninth annual exhibition of the Rathdown Farming Society was held on Saturday, the 10th ult., at Bray, in a field belonging to Mr. Quin, and within a few minutes' walk of the railway terminus. It was the most successful show as regards the quality of the stock that has yet been held by the society. There was a slight falling off in the number of entries for the first prizes in cattle, but the animals exhibited in this class were of the most superior description.

REV. DR. CAHILL

ON THE

LORD CHANCELLOR AND ORANGEISM.

It is not in any spirit of malignant triumph that the Catholics of Ireland rejoice at the steps now taken by the Irish Government to put an end to the disgraceful and unjust system of Orange ascendancy in Ireland. The persecution which this institution has inflicted on the people of this country, since the year 1795, is written with the tears of the nation; and no Irish Catholic, or indeed no man of right feeling, of any class or creed, can recall the anniversaries, the public processions, the professional dinners, the speeches, the galling music, and all the other insulting items of this harassing confederation, without being grateful to the head of our Local Government for dissolving this most mischievous combination against the peace, and, in fact, against the very lives of the Queen's subjects. It is not with any view of opening old wounds that I make allusion to the past unhappy career of this Society; but it is a record which can, perhaps, be never entirely obliterated from the Irish heart—namely, that the bitterest remembrances of our history, the most dismal and disastrous memories of our creed and our race, are associated in the national mind with the rampant insult of Orangeism.

And this scheme of sanguinary ascendancy, this offspring of former cruel legislation, not only oppressed the Catholics of Ireland, but its spirit has evoked new persecutions in other countries; and in Glasgow, in Liverpool, in Manchester, in London, and, in fact, in every Scotch and English city or town the Northern anti-Catholic hostility has been imported wherever an Orangeman resided, and has everywhere presented the same characteristics which it developed at home. Even in the United States of America, and in the Canadas, some of the most melancholy calamities of these countries have been *legally traced* to the existence in their cities of this Irish Northern Confederacy; and it is true to say, on authority which cannot be disputed, that the greatest obstacles to his advancement which the poor Irish emigrant meets on the other side of the Atlantic is the hatred, the vindictive malignity, which crosses his path at every step, from the same class, and from the same rabid bigotry which oppressed him at home. In fact, the North of Ireland was the great parent seminary where this anti-social sentiment was taught and encouraged; and its disciples, in going to the Western Republic, carried with them no feeling which urged them with such offensive zeal, and which lived within them with such undying vigor, as their hatred of the Irish Catholic. As a matter of course, this sad spirit awakened on the other side (as in 1795) an organized antagonistic resistance, (namely, a combined defence of life and property,) which, up to this time, has, at home and abroad, branded the Government which patronized the aggressors as amongst the most persecuting and bigoted Cabinets of Europe.

The letter of the Lord Chancellor had scarcely been one day published when men of former high Orange principles acknowledged their hearty concurrence in the official communication; and the journals which were once the organs of a furious ascendancy principle have been loud in their praise of the Chancellor, and have owned that the time is now come for the total annihilation of a class who never at any period did much good to the State, but who, at the present time, are the fruitful source of national discord.

Although no man of principle can justify any scheme which produces riot, or social ill-will, yet the greatest praise is due to the Catholics of Belfast for their firmness in bringing this confederacy to a final issue. They armed themselves *legally* in mutual defence; and they laid down their arms the moment the Government guaranteed their protection. This conduct of the Catholics of Belfast is, in its own sphere, somewhat resembling the conduct of O'Connell at the first Clare election, before the act of Emancipation was granted: by his masterly policy he forced the cabinet of England to an issue on the question of Emancipation; and he gained, like the men of Belfast, justice and government sanction for the cause for which he struggled. The honest, firm, true-hearted Catholics of Belfast deserve the thanks of the people of Ireland for their legal conduct in this now happily-ended affair: their combined defence of themselves and their proper ties was free from any charge of social or religious malice; they have not branded themselves with the awful crime of spilling blood; and their voluntary extinction of their Gun Club, the moment the government came to their assistance, is an act of submission to the constituted authorities, which earns the esteem and merits the respect of all classes of the community.

The next desirable act of the Government would be to confine the degradation, the malignity, and the ribald infidelity of street-preaching within the Conventicles built and set aside for the purpose. I do not mean any insult to the Doctrines taught in these places of (what is called) worship; and I should be the last person in the world to restrain the liberty of publishing truth in any place one chooses to utter it without offence to others. But, on referring to a sermon lately delivered by an old Correspondent of mine, in the public streets of Belfast, I do think that the Protestants of that town are not so destitute of respect for their principles, nor so bewildered with bigotry towards others, as to concur in the polite, literary, charitable, Christian, and winning address of the Rev. Mr. M'Ilwaine, as published in the *Northern Whig*. The extract which the *Whig* furnishes was spoken by the Reverend Gentleman on the day of public Humiliation; and most truly humbled should be the enduring Congregation to be compelled to listen as they believed, in the presence of God, to an Orange Rhapsody from a pulpit, in which falsehood in fact, coarseness in feeling, indecency in language, and slander in Religion, all seem struggling for the mastery in this Apostolic discourse, delivered for the advancement of virtue! the glory of God! the propagation of Christian truth! and the salvation of souls!! This singular combination of political malignity and social discordance with Evangelical pretensions may be fairly considered as the palpable cause why the Churches of Belfast are not half filled, while the Catholic population has increased within fifty years from 1,500 to 50,000! The extract is as follows:

> After the usual prayers were read, he drew a comparison between Irish and Indian idolatry, stating there was something respectable in the latter. They had gorgeous idols to worship; there was really something rational about the idols of the Indians. The religion of Heathenism was respectable, when compared with the religion of Romanism. He would ask them what were the idols of Rome—what would they think of those who held their God in their hand? What were the members of the Church of Rome doing? There was not an organ of the Catholic religion that was not inviting its followers to rebellion. He went on to say, that the religion of the Church of Rome was not Christian, and that much of the present miseries and sufferings now endured in India, were owing to the encouragement, on the part of the British, to idol worship in that country and in Ireland.

No way discouraged by the extinction of Orangeism, the Belfast Soupers have redoubled their street-preaching; not less than nine open-air sermons were delivered in Belfast on last Sunday; and the work of the Lord, which in this town means throwing brickbats, fighting with staves, and stabbing with knives, goes on with success.

If one could guard against the social mischief of this insane street bigotry, there can be no doubt at all that it tends to lessen and degrade Protestantism; and in the same proportion, by the contrast, to elevate Catholicity. The converts from Oxford were first led to examine the tenets of the Catholic Church from daily witnessing the absurd pretensions of their own Church; and some of the very first men in the county Limerick, in the county where I write this letter, and in other parts of Ireland, have turned to the examination of our creed from the disgust felt for the bigoted singularities of their former creed and its professors.

Any person visiting the different parts of Ireland at this moment cannot fail to hear a universal murmur against Protestantism, expressed with a more intense mixture of contempt and hatred, than perhaps at any former period of our history; and this increased horror of the Anglican "persuasion" seems to be principally derived from the degradation of the Tract-distributors, and the furious slanders of the street-preachers. The time is certainly not far distant when the Parliament will be compelled, in defence of the honor of the nation, and of the security of the Empire, to take the finances of the Church under their control; to confine their national ecclesiastics within their churches, to limit, like the Orangemen of Belfast, their powers of discord, and to restrain within the bounds of toleration and common decency their flagrant violation of their accredited office. D. W. C.

Wexford, Thursday, Oct. 15.

LATEST INDIAN NEWS.

The English papers say, with regard to the Indian war, that no news is good news. From this point of view, the late despatches are eminently satisfactory, or rather they would be but for the general conviction that it is "the authorities" who have made things pleasant. The plain fact is, the despatches and letters have been doctored, and the most unfavorable items of the news suppressed. It appears the British are still gallantly gazing at the city of Delhi, and taking their knocks when they get them, that is to say every day; General Havelock is nobly waiting at Cawnpore for reinforcements, and Lucknow is holding out. There are a few additional mutinies. The 10th Light Cavalry mutinied at Ferozepore, the 10th Native Infantry mutinied at Peshawur, part of the squadron of the 2nd Bombay Light Cavalry mutinied at Neemuch, the 8th Bengal Irregulars mutinied at Bhargulpore, and the 55th Native Infantry mutinied at Bhazapore. As a set off against these trifling annoyances, we are informed that the "rebels" were defeated by Major Eyre, near Sasseram, a small force under the command of Major Montgomery defeated "a body" of the insurgents, and "put them to flight;" and General Havelock had gained his ninth victory. But, alas for the veracity of the authorities, their tricks have been detected, their suppressions have been discovered, their repetitions and inventions have been exposed. But the people of Southern and Central India are unaccountably supine. The total overthrow and utter rout of the British might be accomplished in one day by a simultaneous rising. If they will leave the weight of battle to fall entirely on Bengal, if the Presidencies of Bombay and Madras will only sympathize and look on as we did in Ireland, while two counties fought the English government, they will preserve the oppressions and exactions of the stranger's rule, the degradations, the poverty, and the famine, that for ever pinch and slay in the dark shadow of British power.—*Nation.*

IRISH MARRIAGES AND DEATHS.

MARRIAGES.

October 3, in St. Thomas's Church, Dublin, Robert W. Shekleton, Esq., barrister-at-law, to Harriette Jane, daughter of the late Lieutenant Robert Ross Auchmuty, Kilmore House, county Roscommon.

October 14, in St. Thomas's Church, Samuel T. Bradburne, Esq., to Sarah Anne, daughter of the late G. Allman, Esq., Surgeon of the 2d West India regiment.

September 17, in St. Michan's Church, North Anne street, by the Rev. Mr. M'Cann, John, son of Mr. John Corcoran, of Kells, to Teresa, only daughter of Mr. John Macken, Wellington street.

September 17, in St. Anne's Church, Edward Lewis Warren, Esq., of Lodge Park, county Kilkenny, to Mary Anne Emilie, daughter of the late Colonel C. Garraway.

On the 22d ult., at the Roman Catholic parish Church of Ardrahan, county Galway, Cole Rochfort, Esq., Galway, to Emily, daughter of the late Arthur Johnson, Esq., of Carrickbreda, county Armagh, and Tremont, county Down.

October 14, at Rathfarnham Church, by the Rev. Launcelot Dowdall, John M'Curdy, Esq., to Lucy, daughter of the late Robert Heinekey, Esq.

October 6, at Mount Plunkett, county Roscommon, by the Right Rev. Dr. Browne, Catholic Bishop of Kilfinn, John O'Bryan, Esq., M.D., of Clifton, Gloucestershire, to Mary Celia, daughter of the late Patrick Grehan, Esq., of Worth Hall, Sussex.

October 6, at Magherafelt, Hugh Robinson, Esq., of Belfast, to Mary, daughter of William Shannon, Esq., M.D.

October 8, in Cork, Cadwallader Fleming, Esq., son of the late John Fleming, Esq., of Castleshane, in the county Monaghan, to Eliza Ann, daughter of the late Mr. John Harris, of Limerick.

October 13, in the Cathedral, Tuam, by his Grace the Archbishop, William Kelly, Esq., of Derrywillan, county Galway, to Fanny, daughter of Richard Kelly, Esq., J.P., Tuam.

September 30, in Bohermeen Chapel, by the Rev. Mr. Cogan, Joseph Kelly, Esq., Cortown Villa, to Miss Margaret Maria Springan.

DEATHS.

October 6, at 86 Queen street, Dublin, Mr. John Clinton, sincerely and deservedly regretted, aged 32.

October 8, in Mary's lane, after a short illness, Mr. John Tancred, much regretted.

October 9, Michael Coyle, Mary's lane, deeply lamented by all who knew him.

October 1, at Richmond Hospital, Constable Lawrence Lynch, of the E division Dublin Metropolitan Police. He was a native of the parish of Scrabby, county of Cavan.

October 10, drowned, while bathing at Begerin, near Westport, James Forde Leathley, Esq., son of the late Forde Leathley, Esq., of Rockford House, co. Dublin.

October 11, at his residence, North Strand, at an advanced age, Mr. Matthew Flood, corn factor, deeply and sincerely regretted by his family and friends.

October 12, at his residence, 4 Lennox street, Thos. Norris, Esq., solicitor, aged 71.

October 11, at Castle Bellingham, O'Brien Bellingham, Esq., M.D., of Kildare street.

October 12, at Stephen's green, North, aged 82 years, the Rev. Robert Archibald Hamilton, of Clifton Mount, Jamaica, and of Cluntagh, county Down.

October 3, at Tramore, aged 84 years, Jane, relict of Matthew Canny, Esq., of Castlefergus, county Clare.

October 3, at Kilrush, in the county Kildare, Mrs. Donohue, at the advanced age of 87.

At Farnakilla, Dingle, county Kerry, Mrs. Edward D. Stokes.

October 6, at Ballinacor House, county Galway, Matthew Cornwall, Esq.

October 6, at Youngstown, county Wexford, Mrs. Catherine Furlong, aged 101 years.

October 6, at Carrick glebe, in the county of Derry, Mary, wife of the Rev. Francis H. Hall.

October 7, at Kilmanagh rectory, aged 90 years, Miss Rebecca Walters.

October 7, suddenly, at the Grange, Fermoy, W Forward, jun., Esq.

October 7, at Moygannon, near Warrenpoint, aged 83 years, the Hon. Selina Nugent, widow of Andrew Nugent, Esq., of Portaferry.

October 7, in Waterford, Miss Catherine Kent, sister of the Rev. P. Kent, parish priest of St. Patrick's.

October 8, at Ballygarth Castle, aged 83 years, T. Pepper, Esq., of the Royal Meath Militia.

October 8, at Gurt McEllis House, county Tipperary, John Russell, Esq.

October 11, at Castle Anner, Clonmel, Sophia, relict of John Shaw Mandeville, Esq.

October 12, at Rathmullen House, county Donegal, aged 82 years, Thomas Batt, Esq.

October 11, at Corroboy, county Roscommon, Wood J. Jefferson, Esq., son of Thomas Jefferson, Esq., of Newry.

October 6, at Inniskeen, after a long and painful illness, the Rev. Patrick Murray, rector of St. Patrick's College, Lisbon, and nephew of the Rev. Alexander Kindelon, parish priest.

FOREIGN MISCELLANY.

THE STANDARD HEIGHT FOR THE ARMY.—Is there any sound reason why a man of five feet four inches should be rejected as unfit for service? In the Anglo-Swiss Legion, 2,100 of whom were quartered in Smyrna during the late war, men were enrolled at the low standard of five feet two and a half inches. The average height of course exceeded this. Their appearance on parade, as regards size and strength, was pronounced by many competent judges fully equal to that of our line regiments. In marching powers and endurance of fatigue they were certainly not to be surpassed by our best troops. Their breath of shoulders and depth of chest took our army contractors by surprise. The Enfield rifle, some pounds lighter than "Brown Bess," certainly does not lose its formidable powers in the hands of a man of five feet four inches.—*London Herald.*

POISONING IN FRANCE.—The Court of Assizes of La Manche has just tried a young woman named Le Metais, of Romagny. She had lived in service for several years with a miller named Couesnau, who had frequently made her promises of marriage; but at the beginning of June she learned to her dismay that he was going to marry another woman. On the 12th of that month he was taken ill with pains in his stomach and vomitting, but he recovered. It turned out that some bread which he had eaten contained some sulphate of copper, and as the young woman had made the bread she was suspected. On being questioned she confessed with tears that she had attempted to poison the man. The jury declared her guilty, with extenuating circumstances, and the court sentenced her to five years' imprisonment.

INTERESTING SPANISH NAVAL STATISTICS.—From a historical notice of the Spanish navy, published in the *Cronica Naval*, it appears that at the accession of Charles III. to the throne the navy consisted of 44 ships of the line, 19 frigates, 14 sloops of war, 4 corvettes, and 4 gunboats—being a total of 85 vessels of all sizes—carrying 3,858 guns. The maintenance of this force cost that year 63,203,295 reals, or about $8,000,000. Since the accession of the above monarch the navy of Spain has been considerably augmented, so that at the present time that kingdom is in possession of a respectable navy, much larger than is generally supposed.

SCENE AT AN EXECUTION.—A horrible scene took place at Hanover recently, on the occasion of an execution. Not only did a large crowd, many of them carrying bottles of brandy, assemble and commit gross excesses, but a number of individuals subject to epilepsy rushed to the scaffold at the moment the criminal's head fell to drink the blood, the popular belief being that it is a cure for epilepsy, and the executioner readily gave it to them! This frightful scene has caused an immense sensation in Hanover, and petitions to the government, praying that executions may no longer be public, have been numerously signed.—*Weser Gazette.*

THE SEPOYS.—The Sepoy is anything but a warlike-looking personage when off duty. He then appears in the Indian costume in its most simple form. The majority then only wear a shirt, adorned with all kinds of fanciful headdresses. One has his head completely shaved, another has plaits six feet long, and a third a monumental front produced by the razor. The Sikh soldier has even his hair twisted up and fastened in a knot like a Chinese lady. Nothing is changed in their instincts and habits. They are the same men who, under the banners of King Porus, fought 2,000 years ago against the warriors of Alexander.

THE RUSSIANS IN THE BLACK SEA.—A Constantinople letter contains the following: "In announcing the arrival in this port of three Russian screw corvettes from Cronstadt, on their way to the Black Sea, I was not aware of the precise object of their coming. It now appears that it is to establish a rigid system of blockade on the coast of Circassia, in order to prevent the mountaineers from receiving arms, ammunition, and a thousand other things which they now receive by merchant vessels. Two Russian gunboats have also arrived here, on their way to take up their station in the Danube."

ENERGY OF CHARACTER.—I lately happened to notice, with some surprise, an ivy which, being prevented from attaching itself to the rock beyond a certain point, had shot off into a bold elastic stem, with an air of as much independence as any branch of oak in the vicinity. So a human being thrown, whether by cruelty, justice, or accident, from all social support and kindness, if he has any vigor of spirit, and is not in the bodily debility of either childhood or age, will instantly begin to act for himself, with a resolution which will appear like a new faculty.—*Foster.*

A TAM O' SHANTER.—A miller, in the vicinity of Elgin, had been indulging rather freely one evening lately, in a public-house in town. "When the drink's in the wit's out;" so our hero, when opposite Gray's Hospital, in the direction of his house, a mile off, fancied he saw his bed on the wayside, and a clear fire burning opposite. He, therefore, lay down at the dyke-side, under the drenching rain. How long he slept is not known, but on the following morning he found himself with no covering but his wet clothes.

DISCOVERY OF THE TOMB OF HIPPOCRATES.—The *Esperance* of Athens states that near the village of Arnsouth, not far from Pharsalia, a tomb has just been discovered, which has been ascertained to be that of Hippocrates, the great physician, an inscription clearly enunciating the fact.

THE CHRISTIAN BROTHERS IN PARIS.—The Order of Brothers for the Christian Schools, founded in 1681 by J. B. de Lasalle, a priest of Reims, for the education of poor children, have now in Paris forty schools for boys, eight for adults, and five for apprentices. The municipal authorities are about to establish a house of industry in connection with the school situated in the rue St. Etienne-du-Mont, and another in connection with that in the rue dela Jussienne.

SIR JOHN PACKINGTON ON INDIAN AFFAIRS. Sir J. Packington, speaking on Indian affairs, at Worcester, said that the greatest fault the government had committed had been in underrating the rebellion, and in speaking of it as only a military mutiny and a passing outbreak. He believed that instead of its being a mere military mutiny, it was a deeply organized conspiracy with the object of exterminating the English from India.

HUMAN DUTY.—The first duty of a man is to provide for his own independence by his own work, and not either to amuse himself or indulge in any gratification—not even in that more than innocent, most sacred gratification, of assuaging his thirst for knowledge, until he has done his day's work, and done that which it is his bounden duty as well as his highest interest to do, work with his own hands for the provision of himself and his family.—*Brougham.*

STATISTICS OF WEALTH.—The richest inhabitants of the South of Ireland reside in Cork. One gentleman alone, whose progenitors and himself were born in "the beautiful citie," is, by his industry in trade, worth two millions of money, and his rental would support and pay two regiments of the line. The gentleman is a bachelor, but it is reported that he will shortly enter into the bands of wedlock.—*Limerick Chronicle.*

DEATH OF AN AFRICAN BUSH CHIEF.—"Old Simeon," the celebrated African Bush chief, the oldest of the Bush people, belonging to Mr. Gordon Cumming's illustrative entertainment, died lately. He was a very droll fellow in his way, and quite dramatic, and used to cause much gratification to the audiences. There are only two real natives of this wonderful tribe now remaining.

A VILLAGE BURNT.—The greater part of the village of Parnsdorf, near which the Austrian cavalry camp is situated, was lately destroyed by fire, 100 houses being consumed. The Emperor of Austria hastened to the village, and directed in person the operations of the firemen, not returning to Laxemburg until the fire was completely got under.

ENGLISH PROTESTANTISM.—As two respectably-attired females were scanning Carraci's picture of the "Three Marys," in the Manchester Exhibition, one observed to the other, "Who are the three Marys?" "Why, you soft, (was the serious reply,) one is the Virgin Mary, another is Mary Queen of Scots, and the other is Bloody Mary.

A CURE FOR THE TOOTHACHE.—Steep a piece of the coarsest brown paper in cold vinegar, then grate ginger on it, and apply it to the side of the face affected. The application to be made at bed time, and, if necessary, to be repeated two or three nights.

Clearly there is in Paris, or in France generally, an amount of cultivated ability such as no other country exhibits—such as makes the English, for example, look childish. And what strikes me most agreeably, after all, is not the ability of the best French literature; it is its amenity. These writers appear not merely to know so much, and to say what they know so well, but to be besides such thorough-bred gentlemen, so desirous always to find points of agreement with others, and to differ only in the most courteous ways, that my heart is as much improved by familiarity with them as my head, and I receive a lesson of good manners where I only bargained for a little agreeable information or amusement. Read any of St. Beuve's, Taine's, Villemain's, Cuvillier Fleury's articles in the daily papers, or those of a host of others whom I might name, and you will cheerfully allow that literature has attained in these men its thoroughly Christian and human form. I wish you could get a selection of the best things of the Paris press published in some monthly form in America. You would soon perceive how much more manly the strain of thought is than the English, and how incomparably more graceful and perfect the expression.—*Paris Correspondent of the N. Y. Tribune.*

A short time ago a gentleman in Calcutta saw from his window a mob of Sepoys, about 100 in number, assembled near one of the gates of Government House, and visibly engaged in selling their uniforms by auction, one of them mounted on a hackery (native cart) acting as auctioneer. The gentleman drove to the Commissioner of Police to inform him of what was going on; and he reported to Lord Canning. His lordship remarked, "Oh, another idle tale!" when he said, "My lord, if you will look out there you can satisfy yourself." Lord Canning looked, satisfied himself, and instantly gave orders to call a meeting of his council. The sages met, deliberated for several hours; some voted for shooting the Sepoys, others for letting them go, and broke up without coming to any resolution, by which time, indeed, it was unnecessary, as the Sepoys, having finished their sale of government property and pocketed its proceeds, had quietly walked off.

Assume Delhi taken—the circuit of the city is some seven miles, and the assailing force should be exceedingly numerous to hem in all the Sepoys and catch and kill them. The fugitives would rather, like Sampson's foxes, spread the fire than extinguish it.—*Munster News.*

According to letters from Naples, Mount Vesuvius, which, after a long eruption of not less than thirty-five days, had ceased to send forth lava, recommenced on the 24th September, and the flames rising high into the air, presented at night a magnificent spectacle. Mount Etna is also in eruption. The town of Piedmont, situated in the kingdom of Naples, at the foot of the Matese mountains, near Molise, was also completely destroyed a short time since. A violent storm broke over that district with torrents of rain, and in a few minutes the small river Torana, which passes through the town, overflowed its banks, destroyed a massive bridge and swept away many houses. The number of victims is stated to be upwards of 100. The king, on being informed of this painful event, immediately sent a sum of 2,000 ducats for the relief of the sufferers.

We have seen the design for an *in memoriam* record of the late John Jackson, Esq., more familiarly known as "Terry O'Driscoll," from the popular series of letters which appeared in the *Warder* newspaper from week to week, under that signature. The design is at once chaste and appropriate, consisting of a Round Tower—at the base of which is placed a medallion portrait of the gifted writer—and an ancient Irish cross, a fac-simile of one of those at Clonmacnoise, while in the background appear the moss-mantled and venerable remains of an Abbey. Its execution has been entrusted to an eminent Irish sculptor, Mr. Kirk, who has not only consented to undertake the work at the mere cost of the materials employed—marble and Portland stone—but has likewise contributed handsomely to the expense of its erection.—*Irish Literary Gazette.*

A bull fight, accompanied with fatal results, occurred recently near the Grange station on the Gloucester and Dean Forest Railway. Two bulls, the property of different farmers, were grazing on opposite sides of the line, and seem to have conceived a deadly enmity towards each other. They each leaped over a five-barred gate upon the railway, and a fierce combat ensued, when the down express train approached, and immediately put an end to the fight, and to the existence of the combatants. One of the animals was sent spinning into a ditch by the side of the railway, and the other was struck full in the side by the engine, and knocked a distance of at least 20 yards upon the metals of the up-line.

Public curiosity has as yet received no satisfaction respecting the conferences of the Czar with his imperial brothers of Austria and France. It has only transpired that the nephew of his uncle completely eclipsed and distanced the legitimate Sovereign of all the Russias in courtly manners, in royal bearing, in vivacity, good humor, and conversational power—in short, in all the art of popularity. Even in equitation he bore away the palm. He had the better horse, and on it looked the better man. The Empress of Russia spoiled her manners; her arrival was a *contretemps*, and her departure a relief. That is about all that we have learned on the subject.—*Dublin Tablet.*

The first of the bassi relievi for the monument to be erected, at Moscow, to Czar Nicholas, has been completed by M. Ramasanow, the Moscow sculptor. It represents the cholera riots in 1830, when the Emperor, as will be recollected, suddenly appeared among the enraged populace, and, by calling out to them with a thundering voice, "Down upon your knees!" made them obey and disperse. The second *relievo* represents a scene from the revolution of the 14th (26th) December, 1825; the third, the surrender of Gorgey; and the fourth, the arrival of the imperial family at Moscow by the newly-opened railway.

Several pious persons have considered it highly creditable to abstain from reading poetry. A good father, in his account of the last hours of Madame Racine, the lady of the celebrated tragic poet, pays a high compliment to her religious disposition, which, he says, was so austere, that she would not allow herself to read poetry, as she considered it to be a dangerous pleasure; and he highly commends her for never having read the tragedies of her husband.

Lucullus, after the war with Mithridates, introduced cherries from Pontus into Italy; and the newly-imported fruit was found so pleasing, that it was rapidly propagated, and six-and-twenty years afterwards, as Pliny testifies, the cherry-tree passed over into Britain. Thus a victory obtained by a Roman Consul over a King of Pontus, with which it would seem that Britain could have no concern, was the real occasion of our possessing cherry orchards.

In consequence of an accident which occurred at the Camp of Chalons, where two artillerymen were wounded, owing to negligence in closing the touch-hole of a gun, the Emperor has appointed a commission to devise a plan for preventing such accidents in future. M. Gustave Oppelt, a Belgian officer, has invented what he calls an *obturator*, which he undertakes will perfectly close the touchhole of a gun while it is being charged.

A tombstone is about to be erected, by public subscription, to the memory of the late John Getty, of Ballymena—author of "Donald" and other poems. It will be inscribed with the following epitaph:

While truth and goodness cheer life's weary way,
And wit and worth to Erin's sons are dear,
His name shall live in Fame's undying ray,
And patriot bards embalm it with a tear.

A new submarine telegraph line has been conceded by the French government to M. Balestrini—it will depart from Marseilles, touch at the islands of Hyeres, thence to Corsica, and from island to island till it attain Constantinople.

The Universities of the Pontifical States have been attended during the years 1856 and '57 by 1,396 students, of whom 42 followed courses of theology, 531 studied medicine and surgery, 23 were occupied in philology, 66 studied pharmacy, 18 followed courses of veterinary surgery, 14 attended lectures on obstreticity, 5 were applying themselves to law studies, and 4 were devoting themselves to agricultural studies.

A large piece of ground in the Champs Elysees, near the Palace of Industry, has been granted to a society of artists, and a building has already been commenced upon it, in which are to be exhibited a succession of panoramic views of a high class, illustrating great historical events, wars, festivals and ceremonies, of recent and present times. The first series of views is to be from the Crimean campaign.

A letter from Lyons announces the arrest in that city of a retired grocer, now a wealthy landed proprietor, who has been for some time suspected of forging bank-notes. The police succeeded in laying their hands on a complete apparatus for forging notes in imitation of those of the Bank of France for 500f. each. The forged notes seized amount to the sum of £20,000.

A letter from Lyons says that the manufacturers of that city have suffered severe losses in consequence of a disastrous inundation in the department of the Ardeche. One mill belonging to a manufacturer in Lyons, and estimated at 500,000f., is said to have been carried away by the flood. Unfortunately this is not an isolated fact, and other losses not less serious are mentioned.

The thirty-third annual meeting of the naturalists and physicians of Germany was held at Bonn. Baron de Humboldt had been invited to attend, but he wrote to say that the want of repose necessary at his advanced age (89 years), and the desire of terminating a work which he had somewhat imprudently undertaken at the close of his career, would prevent him from having that pleasure.

The French government has published a warning to merchants to be on their guard in their purchases of wax from the Portuguese. It appears that the province of Angola annually exports to Europe through Lisbon, 1,500,000 arrabas of virgin wax. A recent discovery has been made that some foreign heavy substance has been introduced into the wax, for the purpose of defrauding the buyers.

The Madras Sepoys who have arrived in Calcutta have already gained some notoriety. Speaking of them, a correspondent of the *Phœnix* tells the following story, which is too good to be lost: "One of the Sepoys was asked what caste the men of the Madras regiment were? The answer was—'We are all Christians, except two Protestants in the band.'"

An enormous gold nugget has been found at the M'Intyre diggings, near Dunolly, Victoria. It weighed over 137 pounds, but on excavating it a piece weighing 10 pounds was accidentally broken off. It is estimated by good judges to contain more than 1 cwt. of pure gold. The discovery was made by a couple of alluvial miners.

According to the *Patrie*, directions have been given for the repair of the Cathedral of St. Denis, and its restoration to its original condition in the 13th century. The towers are to be finished, the nave deepened, and a magnificent vault built for the reception of the members of the Napoleon family.

The new Berlin edition of the works of Frederick the Great has been brought to a close. The whole comprises thirty volumes, in five sections, of which seven volumes are dedicated to history, two to philosophy, five to poetry, three to military science, and twelve to the correspondence of the King.

The *Cheltenham Examiner* says: "In a private letter received by an officer of this town it is stated that the British troops before Delhi have sworn on their crossed bayonets neither to give nor take quarter when the struggle comes with the mutineers within the city."

The *Mayo Telegraph*, in an article on the Indian Relief Fund, says the late "Patriotic Fund" was used for the base purposes of proselytism, and that if the Indian Relief Fund is to be distributed on the same principles, no Catholic should subscribe a solitary farthing to it.

The Italian opera in Paris is likely to be most brilliant next season. Mario is engaged for seven months at 15,000 francs per month (£600). Giuglini is on the programme, but it is much doubted whether he will go, as he dreads the rivalry of Mario.

Some letters on India have been published in the columns of the *Daily News*. They are the production of Miss Harriet Martineau. What adds to the interest they excite is the fact that these articles are dictated by her from a sick bed.—*Inverness Courier.*

It is a remarkable fact that the atrocities perpetrated by the Indian mutineers upon the English, are precisely the same as those to which the Irish were subjected for several centuries at the hands of their British taskmasters.—*Glasgow Free Press.*

The Marquis de Custine, author of the well-known work on Russia, which some years ago made a certain sensation, has just died at his chateau of St. Gratian, near Pau. He was the son of General Marquis de Custine, who was condemned to death in the great revolution.

The King of Prussia has presented the Emperor of Russia with eight fine fallow deer, for the park of St. Petersburgh, and Prince Charles has given two splendid greyhounds.

It appears from a report by General Desvaux, that many artesian wells have been successfully sunk at oases in the deserts of Algeria: abundant fountains have resulted; the Arabs are wild with gratitude, and are forming settlements round the welcome founts.

The *Zeit*, of Berlin, says that a Frenchman who has lived in Stuttgardt for the last fifteen months, was arrested on the day of the Emperor Napoleon's arrival, for having cried "Vive la Republique Francaise!"

The Atlantic Telegraph shares are seriously depressed. The expense of the recent abortive attempt to lay the cable have been estimated at £25,000—this would be only one-fourteenth of the capital.

The Austrian military police have made some arrests at Bologna, and have adopted unusual precaution in the towns situated on the coast. A movement was attempted at Carrara, and an outbreak has been repressed at Faenza.

The Duchess Regent of Parma has established a course of lectures on agriculture, and has decided that students attending them three years shall receive diplomas for a theoretical knowledge of agriculture.

In the Government Botanic Garden at Algiers ostrich eggs have been hatched by artificial warmth. It seems, therefore, not impossible but that they may some day become domestic animals.

A letter from Amiens says that the town has been thrown into a state of consternation by the sudden illness of more than 250 families, caused by eating bad shrimps brought from Boulogne.

Accounts from Milan state that Marshal Radetzky is still residing at his villa near that town, and is in tolerable health, being able to be wheeled about the fine garden attached to his residence in a chair.

In Italy the party of the revolution has succeeded in creating a strong sensation, founded on the exaggerated reports of the imperial conferences at Stuttgardt.

In the tobacco manufactory of M. Prætorius at Berlin has just been constructed a machine for making cigars; it rolls 5,000 a day and economizes both tobacco and manual labor.

The Prince Imperial of France draws pay as a Grenadier of the Guard, and his name is called at muster; but he does not serve, being "on leave with his family."

A magnetic observatory is to be established in the Collegio Romana at Rome. The Pope has granted 500 scudi for the purchase of instruments for the purpose.

The Emperor of Russia has given 20,000 silver roubles towards building a church for the Catholics at Helsingfors, where there are 1,200 of that faith.

Prince Napoleon has paid a visit to George Sand at her residence in Berry. His projected journey to the Isthmus of Suez has been abandoned.

The Very Rev. Dr. Yore, P.P., St. Paul's, Dublin, has written to the secretary of the O'Connell Testimonial Committee, Limerick, enclosing £5 as his subscription.

Nearly all the Irish railways show by the latest returns an increase of traffic as compared with 1856; in England the movement is in the opposite direction.

The *Parma Gazette* announces that a subscription has been opened at Parma for a monument to Correggio.

The electric telegraph between Lisbon and London, via Madrid, is now open throughout the entire length.

Militiamen whose period of service has not expired will be dealt with as deserters if they attempt to leave the country.

The ex-Queen of Oude is in delicate health, and has been advised to remove to a residence near London.

"What's whiskey bringing?" inquired a dealer in that article. "Bringing men to the gallows!" was the answer.

The power of England in Hindostan is no longer in danger, for it has utterly perished.—*Gazette de France.*

Miss Florence Nightingale is now staying at Malvern, undergoing the hydropathic treatment.

The Emperor of Austria has contributed a sum of no less than £5,000 annually towards the restoration of St. Stephen's at Vienna.

The Earl of Listowel, who is making a tour in the United States and Canada, is expected to return to England early in the spring.

A despatch says that Prince Daniel of Montenegro has been assassinated by the relatives of a man he had caused to be put to death.

The *Russian Medical Gazette* mentions that the late war entailed upon Russia the loss of 382 medical men.

There will have been coined at the Paris Mint in the year 1857 not less than 600,000,000f. in gold.

The manufacture of spurious port and sherry is being carried on at Hamburgh upon an extensive scale.

The vintage of France has begun, and the accounts from all parts are very favorable.

Sir R. Carden will be the Lord Mayor of London for 1858.

The financial situation of Austria is said to be deplorable.

The Viceroy of Egypt has ordered a levy of 10,000 men.

HOME MISCELLANY.

THE CONSTITUTION OF OREGON.—The Constitution likely, according to the last accounts, to be adopted by the Oregon Convention, contains some remarkable provisions. It does away with grand juries as unnecessary, the preliminary examination before a magistrate previous to committal being deemed sufficient. It provides that there shall be no Lieutenant Governor; that the Secretary of State shall exercise the functions of Governor *pro tem*, in case of the death of that functionary; and that the Governor shall also be Treasurer of the State. The number of members of the State Senate is limited to fifteen, and that of the Assembly to thirty, with biennial session. The ballot is abolished at elections, and *viva voce* voting substituted. Judges are declared ineligible for any office not Judicial, during the period for which they are elected, and for one year after; municipalities are absolutely prohibited from contracting debts; and bank charters of every description are forbidden. With regard to the question of slavery, it is believed that two clauses,—one legalizing and the other prohibiting slavery,—will be appended to the draft of the Constitution, to be adopted or rejected by a subsequent vote of the people.

THE "COTILLION."—The French officers who came with Lafayette and Rochambeau, in the early part of the Revolution, were the first to teach the Americans the mystery of that agreeable and rather ceremonious dance; and Rhode Island was the foremost to give currency in America to the quadrilles of France. Heretofore, the *contre-dance* and the *Scottish reels* were only understood and practised; and, perhaps, they were altogether sufficient for the taste of the country—for refinement in amusement was not then deemed necessary for enjoyment. The hearty exercise of the latter species of dancing was nearly allied to those habits of activity and industry which pervaded every portion of America at that time, and which contributed so materially to the b'oom of the countenance, and the flexible and rounded forms of the women. The progress towards wealth, and what is termed refinement, has somewhat abated these; and we are, at this day, too apt to discover, in their stead, an alabaster complexion, and a slightness of frame, which denote the reverse of rosy health and bodily exercise.

AN UNSAFE SAFE.—"Uncle Sam," having omitted to construct a vault in the new Custom House in this city, sent on a large safe from Baltimore to supply the deficiency. It had a patent burglar and fire-proof lock, similar, we suppose, to that which has lately been broken in Richmond. After it had been placed in the Custom House, the workmen locked the door, and were wholly unable to unlock it. One of the men had previously been inside of the safe and the door was locked and unlocked while he was inside. After he stepped out it was locked a second time, and all efforts to unlock it were unavailing. The maker of the safe had to come to unlock it, which he did by altering the key. Had the difficulty occurred in locking it the first time, while the workman was inside, it must have proved fatal to him, as he would have suffocated before it could have been opened.—*Portland Advertiser.*

BANKS AT THE WEST.—The Western folks watch over their banks with tender assiduity, and forcibly resist any attempts to embarrass them. In Jeffersonville, Ind., a committee of watchful ones lately pounced upon a suspicious looking individual with a box under his arm, and chased him far beyond the limits of the town, when it was discovered that his visit there was solely a professional one, his only object being to extract corns. Two gentlemen, Mr. S. W. Rogers, of Cincinnati, and Mr. N. H. Gould, of Newport, R. I., went from Cincinnati to Frankfort, on private business, where a rumor was got out that they were "bank runners," and they were mobbed and driven from the town. In numerous places persons attempting to procure specie from the banks have been obliged to leave town with uncomfortable speed.

BOHEMIAN CATHOLICS IN THE UNITED STATES.—F. Krutil, C.S.S.R., gave last month in Dubuque, by request of Bishop Loras, a mission to the Bohemian Catholics, of whom there are many in that city. Several others came in from the neighborhood, some from 50 miles distance, to hear the Word of God in their own language, and receive the Sacraments. One good Bohemian had already started on a journey of 200 miles, in order to make his confession to a Bohemian priest, when he providentially reached Dubuque in time to learn that Father Krutil had already arrived in that city. In New York city there is a great number of Bohemian Catholics, and probably, ere long, a Bohemian Catholic Church will be commenced in that city.—*Catholic Miscellany.*

UNSOPHISTICATED.—A correspondent of the Oswego *Times* speaks of a family living on the "John Brown" tract, in New York State, having two girls, twins of sixteen years, who have never been out of the wood—have never seen any house but their own, and never saw any females but their mother and sisters. They have been taught to read by their mother, and although they do not appear "fashionable,' they are by no means awkward as one would suppose. What a world of wonders yet lies before them! What a sight to them would be a railroad car, a steamboat, a city, a thousand things which we see every day.

A BOUNCING BABY.—There was on exhibition at the Ohio State Fair, a baby nine months old that weighed within a small fraction of one hundred pounds; its mother was an Irish woman.

SAVE THE LEAVES.—No manure is so well worth saving in October and November as the now falling leaves of the season. According to Payen they contain nearly three times as much nitrogen as ordinary barnyard manure; and every gardener who has strewn and covered them in his trenches late in the Fall or in December, must have noticed the next season how black and moist the soil is that adheres to the thrifty young beets he pulls. No vegetable substance yields its woody fibre and becomes soluble quicker than leaves, and from this cause they are soon dried up, scattered to the winds and wasted if not now gathered and trenched in, or composted before the advent of severe winter.

BUSINESS RELIEF MEETING IN NEWARK.—An immense crowd of people assembled on Friday evening week in Library Hall, to take into consideration what could be done to afford relief for the present distress. The *Advertiser* observes that they appeared to have come together without any definite idea of what was to be done; but apparently in the hope of hearing some revelation which would relieve them from want, if it did not put money in their purses. A series of resolutions were passed, declaring that the financial pressure was the result of a wild and senseless panic, in which the Bank managers were the first to become too strongly affected.

BOLD.—On Saturday afternoon, says the Paterson *Guardian*, a woman went into one of the butcher's stores to purchase some meat. After doing so she handed the seller a bank bill (of a higher denomination than one dollar) in payment, and received back some paper and silver change. She rolled it up and kept it in her hand. A fellow who had kept his eye on her some time, followed her up the street and actually caught hold of her arm and wrenched the money out of her fingers. The woman was so much excited she could not make any alarm till the villain had made his escape round the next corner.

BEARS.—On Wednesday night of last week a large bear was killed in Foxcroft by a young man named Spaulding, in a cornfield near his dwelling. He weighed something over 300 pounds. Another was also in the field at the same time, which Spaulding fired at, but did not kill. We have never heard of bears being so plenty in this part of the country as they are this fall, and they are as bold as they are numerous, going into barnyards, and taking calves by the neck with one paw, and pounding them over the neck with the other, as was the case in Monson a few weeks ago.—*Bangor Democrat.*

GENESEE VALLEY RAILROAD.—The Livingston *Republican* announces that work on the Genesee Valley Railroad has been wholly suspended for this season. The grading and masonry are nearly all completed, and the track is ready for laying the superstructure between Genesee and Avon. From Genesee to Mount Morris the whole line is in a forward state and could be completed in a very short time, if the funds could be provided. It is the intention to resume work at an early day in spring.

DEFENSIVE ALLIANCE WEST.—The merchants of the far West are acting in a body, and great difficulty is apprehended in the collection of debts, especially as they seem to have formed a defensive alliance with the lawyers. The merchants of St. Anthony and Minneapolis met in convention and resolved to ask a general extension. St. Paul merchants have done likewise; lawyers have agreed not to prosecute or levy any attachments for the same period.

REPUBLICS AND MONARCHIES.—The difference between a republic and a monarchy is thus pointed out by somebody: "Pile all the people into a pyramid, with the President for an apex, and you have the symbol of a republic. You can shake the President, but you can't move the united force of the people. Invert that pyramid, with a King for its base, and you have the symbol of a monarchy. Trip up the King, and the whole structure falls into confusion."

RETURNING EMIGRANTS.—The clipper-ship Dreadnaught sailed from this port on Saturday last for Liverpool, with three hundred and forty passengers—the largest number ever taken in a sailing vessel from this country to Europe. Most of the Boston and New York packets now take out a goodly number of emigrants, who, alarmed at the hard times, return home.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

A GOOD EXAMPLE.—The splendid carriage and horses which were seen in Broadway a few days since, with a ticket on their backs "for sale," belonged to Mr. Garner, who recently failed for many millions. He has moved from his splendid residence in the Avenue to a small two-story house in the Seventh Ward. This is an example of the right sort.—*N. Y. Mirror.*

THE EARTHQUAKE.—The shock of an earthquake which is spoken of in the Buffalo papers, and which was severe enough to crack walls and plastering in that city, was also sensibly felt in this locality, several persons in this village having noticed it. It was also felt along the south shore of the lake, and in Cattaraugus and Chatauque Counties.—*Batavia Advocate.*

THE CANADIAN BANKS.—The Board of Trade of Quebec have held a meeting, and recommended the banks of that city to suspend specie payment, to prevent the drain of specie to the United States. The banks have taken the subject under advisement.

REDUCE YOUR EXPENSES.—When all the white people of the United States reduce their expenses one shilling a day, it makes a difference of eighteen million of dollars a week, and of over fifty millions every month.

MINNESOTA.—The Democrats have carried the elections in the new State of Minnesota. The governor is a Democrat, all three of the members elected to Congress are Democrats, and the Democrats have a majority in both branches of the Legislature, thus securing the election of two Democrats to the U. S. Senate.

FILLIBUSTERING TO BE STOPPED.—Orders have been given, the Washington correspondent of the Baltimore *Sun* says, for fitting out with despatch the swiftest war steamer of the navy, for the purpose of intercepting or preventing the new expedition of General Walker for Central America.

Lefevre, a wealthy sugar planter of Lafourche, La., died recently without issue, leaving an estate of $700,000. Half was left to a nephew and half to a broker in New Orleans, who had transacted Lefevre's business. The broker was astonished to find himself the recepient of $350,000, but refused to receive the money on such terms; so he renounced the whole legacy, making it over in favor of the relatives of the deceased in France, consisting of relatives, to the number of 20 or 30, all humbly situated in life. Deceased had previously made a will, in which his French relatives were handsomely remembered, but on returning from a visit to them, not long ago, he tore the will to pieces and wrote a new one.

The country will learn with regret, says the Washington *Union*, but not surprise, that ex-President Pierce and his lady intend passing the ensuing Winter in the Island of Madeira, the delicate health of the latter rendering it necessary for her to seek relief in a mild and genial climate. The President of the United States, as soon as he was apprised of the intended journey, with kindly and characteristic courtesy, promptly informed his distinguished predecessor that accommodations for himself and his estimable lady would be provided for them on board a Government vessel, which is to take its departure shortly for the East Indies, stopping on its way at the Island of Madeira.

A diabolical attempt was made a few days since to poison the entire family of Mr. James Griffey, of Centreville, Mercer County, N. J., by some wretch, who placed a large quantity of arsenic in the spring from which the water for the use of the family was brought. It was fortunately discovered before any one had partaken of the water.

Prayers that are said with true devotion are always indulgenced. A plenary indulgence is conceded by God himself to every perfect act of contrition. Yet people who are humble enough to have perfect contrition, will be obedient enough to prefer the prayers of the church to those invented by private persons.

Mr. Alexander Alley, of Bucksport, is the father of twenty-two children, among whom there are six pairs of twins. The old gentleman enjoys excellent health, a good share of worldly property, and a clear conscience, having for a long time taken a newspaper, and paid the printer.

The executive authorities threaten to wind up the banks of the District of Columbia, unless they forthwith resume specie payments. They are at loggerheads among themselves as to the proper course to pursue. The Bank of the Metropolis counsels resumption, and the others resist.

Thomas Crawford, the American sculptor, died in London on the 10th ult. He was born in the city of New York in the year 1813, and early gave evidence of the genius for which he was afterward so highly distinguished.

Mr. W. R. Foster, of Bangor, the inventor and manufacturer for sharpening pencils, has just closed a contract for $100,000 of the article. That is a pretty large operation in a small line of manufacture.

Local politics run high in the Western country. A candidate for county clerk, in Texas, offered to register marriages for nothing. His opponent, undismayed, offered to do the same thing, and *throw a cradle in.*

Grape culture is becoming quite a business in Monroe County, Illinois. It is estimated that the citizens of that county will market 150,000 gallons of wines, which at present rates will amount to $200,000.

Two brothers, Smith, proprietors of a splendid peach orchard near Sacramento, California, have, it is said, realized between $60,000 and $70,000 this year from the sale of peaches.

A baker of Philadelphia, benevolently disposed, announces that he will distribute to the poor 500 loaves of bread every Wednesday and Saturday during the winter.

It is estimated that 40,000 people of both, sexes, adults and minors, are now out of employment in Philadelphia.

Thirty-one Irishmen left Hartford one day last week, on their return to Ireland to live, thinking their chance better in the old country.

The total valuation of Virginia, as shown by the recent returns of the assessor, is $214,000,000.

Law is like a sieve; you may see through it, but you must be considerably reduced before you can get through it.

"Sally, what time do your folks dine?" "Soon as you go away—that's missus's orders."

The Soup Societies in Boston are to commence operations this season earlier than usual.

The *Herald of Freedom* states that the sugar-cane flourishes well in Kansas.

Several cases of horse stealing have occurred in and round Newark, N. J.

Dr. Brownson's new book will not appear before the 1st of December.

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Transient Advertisements, each insertion, 10 cents per line.

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Half a Column, " 125 00
A Column, " 200 00

*** Business Letters should be addressed to the "NEW YORK TABLET," 164 William st., New York.

*** Letters and Communications for the Editor should be addressed B. D. KILLIAN, TABLET Office, New York.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

A Democrat calls our attention to an article in the last *Irish News*, which he calls "a defence of the Stuyvesant Meeting." We have read it over and cannot see the defence to which he alludes. We find a paragraph, which was published three or four weeks ago in the editorial pages of the TABLET, credited to the *Hull Advertiser*, and a quantity of generalizations, but no *defence*, Mr. Democrat.

J. T. K., Bedford, L. I.—Too late for this week's issue. It will appear in our next.

I. M. S.—"Tinto" of the *Times* is small game, but we will try to make room for your letter.

BEAUTY.

BY FRANCIS DAVIS.

"Oh Beauty and Truth are sister Powers,
Who hand-in-hand should ever appear,
That Beauty may screen, with her veil of flowers,
Her sister's lamp, when its light's severe!
Yea—Beauty and Truth are twins—are one!"—
Such was my spirit's unceasing lay,
And ever she wept when the stave was done,
That the sisters walked not on her way:
"True,—beauty," she sighed, "there's ever,
But beauty for me! ah, never!"

And ah, while ever she wailed and wept,
Hither and thither the twain she sought;
"Beauty!" she cried, as her fleet wings swept
The heights and depths of immortal Thought:
She sought from the Ice-god's silv'ry halls,
To the star-paved paths of eternal June,
And, away by the cloud-towers' snow-white walls,
In the broad blue lands of the virgin moon,
"Yea,—beauty," she sighed, there's ever,
But beauty for me! ah, never!"

She sat in a cloud-crag's silvery cleft,
Far, far in yon waste of changeful blue,
While round and round, on her right and left,
The fire-winged worlds through the vastness flew;
And beneath the lordly thunder hymned
The lordliest of his Heavenly-taught staves,—
And fearfully waltzed the mountain-limbed,—
The eternal commonwealth of waves;
"Yea, glo'y," she groaned, there's ever,
But beauty for me! ah, never!"

Thro' the homes of men she walked, when lo!
An infant's couch and an infant's clay!
The thin curls linked o'er the young brow's snow,
And a mother's tear on the white cheek lay,
Mingling the light of its lowlier lot
With traces of mind's immortal flame,
For a smile on the human marble sat,
Like moonlight fixed in a silver frame;
"Yea, beauty there *was* for ever,
But beauty like this! ah, never!"

—*University Magazine.*

NEW YORK TABLET.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, NOV. 7, '57.

THE BIGOTS AND THE GRANT TO THE ORPHANS.

THERE has been sorry whimpering over the late grant of 36 lots to the Orphans, and the New York *Express*, as in duty bound, has played Chief Mourner. The *Daily Times*, the *Journal of Commerce*, and the *Courier* have all wept bitterly; but the *Express* claims precedence for the length and loudness of its wailings. On Saturday last, however, he essayed to reason in the midst of his grief, and when we state that, even in his sunniest moods, he makes little advances into the domain of Wisdom, the reader will be prepared to believe that his sorrow completely hid the Goddess's gateway from him.

The *Express* knows that the TABLET fully justified the recent grant on *economical* grounds, and he therefore pleads that there was no *necessity* for it. This style of controversy is unsuited to the times, for the *Express* would have us infer, if his words mean anything, *that there is no necessity for economy.* We differ with him. In a city like this where millions' worth of the public property are squandered, no one knows how, it is consoling to see thirty-six lots invested in an Institution which saves the city at present $36,000 a year, and which promises to save it still more, not for one year, or five years, but so long as the Orphan Asylum may exist. If these lots had been sold to private purchasers the City Treasurer would have come into possession of, say even $100,000, which might, draw 7 or 10 per cent., if judiciously applied; but in the hands of the Orphan Asylum they draw for the benefit of the city the amount of their supposed value every three years! We like to see property disposed of so advantageously. In the midst of all the financial wreck and ruin, we can say, for once in our lives, that the Common Council is blessed with a Solon and 36 Lots of public property devoted to the public good.

But perhaps the *Express* means that the Orphan Asylum could get along, and save the city $36,000 besides, without the recent grant, and if he does, he has stumbled on the truth. The Asylum could continue its charitable labors, *but not extend them*, as it desires. It could supply the present number of inmates with food, clothing, and education, but not *teach them trades*, as it desires. In short, it could go on as it is, and *not* as it ought to be. But why not assist the Orphan Asylum to save the city still more? Is it not our interest to enlarge the resources of an Institution which distances all competitors on the score of economy—which supports *three* orphans for the same amount which the city pays the Juvenile Orphan Asylum for supporting *one*—which gives the orphans all contributed to it—*sans* deductions for the salaries of Superintendents like our sanctified brother Pease, or that other evangelical candlestick, C. L. Brace? Say "no," and the community will be prepared to believe, with us, that you are as stupid as you are bigoted.

THE McGEE QUALIFICATION FUND.

WE feel great pleasure in placing the following spirited note before our readers:

SALEM, Mass, Oct. 20th, '57.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE N. Y. TABLET.

DEAR MR. KILLIAN:—I have read your recent article on the subject of the McGee Testimonial and have only waited to see if some formal action would be taken by those friends in the United States, for whom Mr. McGee labored so many years. As I have not yet seen any steps taken elsewhere, I authorize you to publish this note, and give my name to the proper parties for a subscription of $200. My friend M—— authorizes me to put down $50 for him. If $2,500 are sufficient, I think we ought to send half of it from this side, and you have thus $250 from little Salem to begin with.

His countrymen in these United States owe it to themselves, as well as to Mr. McGee, to prove that we have not, and never can, forget his long and self-sacrificing labors amongst us.

"FAIR PLAY."

My name is at the service of any of your Montreal friends.

In addition to this generous subscription we have received several letters tendering the writers' sympathy with the purpose of our late article, and among others, one from a subscriber in Waupan, Wis., who, while gracefully alluding to his restricted means, offers "a poor man's $5 to qualify T. D. McGee for the Canadian Legislature." Our suggestion has found a quick response in the breasts of our countrymen; and with such a Committee of Correspondence as we hope to see established in this city during the week, the $1,500 needed to qualify Mr. McGee may be easily raised. Of this sum $255 are already subscribed, and we greatly mistake the character of our readers or the balance will be forthcoming.

It is needless to recall Mr. McGee's services in the United States as an Author, a Lecturer, and an Editor. His books form the basis of whatever Irish-American literature we have; his Lectures (and who was so instructive as he in the Lecturer's desk?) have given enjoyment to most of us; and none who have read his writings in the more ephemeral form of the newspaper will fail to concede to him, learning the most various, force beyond the power of most men, an honesty of purpose which never allowed him to stoop to the trickeries of Expediency. What such a man *could* do under favorable circumstances, even those who know him best can hardly exaggerate; what he *will* do, depends to a certain extent upon his friends. The galaxy of Irish-American reputations is so sparse that we cannot afford to overlook the chance of giving it a fixed star. Granted that it will shine in a Canadian sky, we will also have our share of its radiance.

In the next TABLET we will be able to state to whom subscribers to the "McGee Qualification Fund" may address their letters. In the meantime, we will be most happy to forward any addressed to us, to the proper parties.

THE "UNEMPLOYED" AND THEIR ADVOCATES.

THE unemployed laborers and mechanics of New York are "fraternizing," and every sign of the times portends a struggle between Law and License. In such a contest we have no choice. We declare for the Law at all hazards, and under every circumstance, as against the "order of disorder."

A weighty responsibility rests with those writers who proclaim the "rights" of the poorer classes, and withhold the qualifying duties which Society has a right to demand from them. These writers are mainly confined to the German portion of the community; but there is every reason to fear, that if English-written papers keep reiterating their attacks upon the commercial body, the quick ear of Want will interpret them into so many justifications of the "fraternization" already begun, and destined to end, unless interrupted in scenes of violence. One of the duties of the Press is to promote order and brotherhood, and neither of these is the consequence of pitting one class against another.

For every friend of the poor man there is ample space for judicious action. We ought to have a meeting in each Ward of the city for the purpose of organizing a system through which private charity may flow; we ought to have in connection with it, Committees of private citizens who would find out and relieve the wants of the destitute; and until such time as we have both in working order, the really disinterested advocate of suffering humanity can scarcely take to literary incendiarism, on the plea of having "nothing to do."

The City Authorities evince a remarkable amount of unconcern, in view of the future. It is a fortnight since the Mayor urged upon them the necessity of pushing on the public works, and yet no move has been made in that direction. Inaction like this is unpardonable. The City Park must be completed sometime—why not now? The plan of a new City Hall has been agreed on—why not act upon it? Similar questions might be asked in relation to the various changes, improvements, &c., in the different Departments. Owing to the Street Commissioner difficulty, alone, hundreds are kept out of employment, and for this reason, if for no other, it should be settled at once.

It is no excuse to say that the city Treasury is almost empty, so long as the city has a Charter and there is money in the country. Besides, a small loss is easier borne than a great one.

THE CHURCH OF "THE IMMACULATE CONCEPTION."—In last week's issue we gave a short notice of a Ladies' Fair to be held for the benefit of the Church of the Immaculate Conception, now nearly completed. The Most Rev. Archbishop got this Church erected in commemoration of the Dogma from which it takes its name, and wishes the Ladies of New York to have the credit of contributing in the main to this monument of devotion to Mary. To carry out the Archbishop's idea, the Rev. Mr. Ryan, the pastor, during the two years he has spent in collecting, has put all donations received to the credit of the Ladies; but as there are many charitable persons throughout the city whom he cannot call upon, he desires us to state that articles for the Fair may be forwarded to him, and will be thankfully received. The Fair will open on the 16th.

THE BIOGRAPHY OF AN "M. D.;"

OR,

TEN MINUTES WITH A MALICIOUS DUNCE.

SOME biographers take great pains to trace back to its fountain-head in the nursery the characteristic feature of great men, others are satisfied if they can discover the early wellings of future character in the first five or eight years of their subjects' lives, but all evince a desire, more or less, to prove that Newton was born an inchoate philosopher, Napoleon a miniature general, and Washington—what you will, or what your audience may think of him. Thus Walter Scott's early rides to Smailholme Tower are regarded as evidences of his youthful leanings to the legendary lore which made him immortal; and Johnny Scott's denial of stealing in an orchard, while the filched apples were yet in his pocket, is maliciously perverted into a disposition towards the legal profession, in which he afterwards became distinguished as Lord Eldon. We exceedingly regret that we cannot imitate these high examples of biographical acumen, in the case of Edward H. Dixon, M. D., of this city, the subject of the present article, but so far as our very moderate powers of inference go we will attempt to supply the want of veracious history.

Edward H. Dixon, M.D., is editor of the *Scalpel*, "a quarterly repository of the Laws of Health and the abuses of domestic life." Of his birth, parentage, native land, education, successes, reverses, or present standing, we know nothing certain, owing to the neglect of the last and present generation. In so far as we may help to discover them or any of them in the absence of authentic information, we claim, in advance, the merit of originality. Laing inferred from the construction and materials of the *Serpent*, Raud's war-ship, that the Northmen were versed in the leading arts of civilized life; many of the most serious gaps in history have been filled up by similar ingenious deduction; but it has remained for the present writer to hazard a biograph yon the contents of a magazine article.

In the October number of the *Scalpel* for 1857, of which Edward H. Dixon, M.D., is the editor, appears an essay under the striking head, "POPERY AND PIGSTIES—THEIR NATURAL AFFINITIES." We take it for granted that this paper is from the pen of the aforesaid Edward, because it is placed in an editorial position, because there is little editorial beside it in the Magazine, and, lastly, because it bears the impress of editorial decisiveness on the various topics made incidental to the theme. The authorship of this article once settled, we come to its contents, out of which we propose to educe Edward H., as you would draw a filbert out of its coating.

Edward contemptuously alludes to "*Paddies*," (as they are called by the vulgar, or Patricks as they are termed by the refined,) and one might conclude from this fact that he was born in England or America, where prejudice makes people forget that the name Patrick is as Roman in its origin as Cæsar, Cato, Pliny, or that it was borne by no less a personage than *Paddy* Henery who made a distinguished flurry in the Virginia Assembly in 1765. This hypothesis, however, is weakened when we state that natives of other countries, both in England and America, display the same bad taste which Edward has allowed himself to exhibit—for instance a certain class of Irishmen, whose fathers act out the maxim "we hate whom we injure;" it is shaken still more when we consider that the Dixons of America are mostly importations from Ireland; and it is destroyed altogether, in our mind, when we behold, as we do in the article "Popery and Pigsties," Edward H. conversant with the meaning of and wild with excitement over, the letters "P.P." attached to the signature of an Irish Parish Priest—an excitement too hot for any but an Irish Protestant—a knowledge not vouchsafed to one in every million of Americans. While these considerations weigh heavily against Edward, s supposed birth in England and America, they point with strik-

ing force to his Irish origin. In Antrim and Down the Dixons are thick as briars, and, to the original stock of the land, far more troublesome. Coming into possession of property by robbery, they still keep up a traditional spirit of hostility to the people whom they robbed. Having no merit themselves, they are constantly found in illegal combinations designed to lower the social standard of their neighbors. With an amount of religion quite unequal to their necessities, they evince their only trait of benevolence by wishing to share it with Papists. Ask them for the courtesies of neighborhood and you could not borrow a barrow from them—believe Cromwell was a paragon of gentleness, Knox and Wesley were apostles, Willam III. the savior of civilization in Ireland, and if they charge you for a dinner, they will assure you eternal salvation—since it costs them nothing. Sense of Irish nationality they have none; hatred of it and the race that preserves it is about the only honest feeling which can be credited to them. We find in this stock of ancestry the political, social and religious snarls to be found in the "Popery and Pigsties" of Edward H., and until it be shown that Edward has got these from another source, we will consider him an Irish-born scion of these disreputable ancestors. In this decision we see a striking instance of our usual generosity. As Edward has inherited their failings we give him gratuitously the benefit of their reputation.

That his education was neglected appears but too plainly in the article in the *Scalpel*. The alliteration means nothing, for we find that the lower animals recognize the similarity of sounds. The substance not only argues, that our subject never felt the benefits of even a moderate knowledge, but seems to prove that whatever study was allowed him was spent in the acquisition of ignorance.

On Religion Edward cuts his saddest figure. He sets out with the purpose of proving "the remarkable fact that, just in proportion to the elevation of the Priesthood is the degradation of the laity"—a form of proposition, which, in physics, would mean that in proportion to the height of the mountains is the lowness of the vallies and is self-evident; but which, in the matter of morals, is absurd in its statement, and incapable of proof. Edward evidently thinks that virtue is like specie, scarce in proportion to its accumulation in one person, and that as one man rises in sanctity another must sink in sinfulness—ideas which force us to suggest that he must have mistaken the back leaf of his Portemonie, devoted to "Weights and Measures," for an arithmetical calculation of the size, weight and shape of a bundle of sins, and studied the Chapter on "Scales" in Comstock's Philosophy, as an Essay on Morality. Bad as these blunders are, Edward has made worse. He takes Catholicity to task for the omissions of the Health Commissioner. He contemns the poor because they have not the comforts of the rich, and assails the Catholic Church because its priests and altars are among them. This shows that Edward has studied some other system of belief than Christianity. Had he read any standard book of religious controversy he would have seen that the Catholic Church glories in being "the religion of the poor," and in having the poor "always with" her; or, had he taken up the New Testament, he would have discovered that Christ had no repugnance to the poor, or their precincts, when he was born in the Bethlehem manger. Edward's notions on religion are clearly of a most discordant and novel character, and indicate a state of mind which, in the Sandwich Islanders and others, has elicited a good deal of Christian charity and commiseration.

In History Edward also appears to disadvantage. He says, "if the Pope (Pius VII.) had the satisfaction of seeing Napoleon *deposed* he, Pius VII., confessed he was *subdued*." This is news to us and will be news to all students of history. Edward's course of reading has not embraced that chapter in the story of the Pope's captivity in which the indomitable Pius looking at his cross replied to the elaborate proposal of his Keeper "to rule the world together in Paris" the significant word "Comedian," and when the latter in the rage of a discomfited despot dashed a precious vase to fragments, added with unfaltering tongue, the other word "Tragedian." "The lazaronic of Naples and the bandits of Southern France and Spain are the devotees of the Clergy," says Edward, and the opinion is confined to himself. No priest of our acquaintance would trust his funds to their friendship, and report says that the aforesaid "devotees" take clerical purses much oftener than they go to confession. "The 'Dead Rabbit' association is composed of the most devoted friends of the Church," says Edward as he strikes the bottom of his historical treasury, but the falsehood is not current in the community which knows its value, and need only be noted in connection with his other base coinage. From all we have said we infer that Edward's education was lamentably neglected or prosecuted for the purpose of grounding him in ignorance.

We had written so far and determined to our own satisfaction the birthplace and character of the information of our subject, when we reflected that the highest style of biographical literature meets with a cold reception from the mass of readers. Bowing to the partialities of the public, we stop on the thresho'd of our undertaking and silently await an improvement in their tastes, or a change in our own.

THE TREATMENT OF FEMALE EMIGRANTS.—The subject of Female Emigrant Treatment, discussed some weeks ago in these columns, is receiving proper prominence in the European Press. "OBSERVATIONS BY A SURGEON ON THE DISGRACEFUL TREATMENT OF EMIGRANTS TO NORTH AMERICA" is the title of a series of letters in *Mona's* (Isle of Man) *Herald*, written for the purpose of showing that the Passenger Act, amended by the 18th and 19th Victoria, affords no protection. The reader can best learn their tone from an extract:

"If there were some more summary mode of proceeding for the protection of emigrants, the number of applicants for redress, and the publicity given to such applications by means of the press, would have a most salutary effect in diminishing the vice and crime in those emigrant ships, which are alike disgraceful to this country and to America. The editor of the TABLET newspaper (I think) has called them 'floating hells;' in one respect, they are nothing less, for the torments of Hell may, in some degree, resemble the sufferings of emigrants; but crime is punished in Hell, whilst in a North American emigrant ship it flourishes without check or retribution' No! take all the stews of Liverpool, concentrate into a given space the acts and deeds done in all for one year, and they would scarcely equal in atrocity the amount of crime committed in one emigrant ship during a single voyage. The promiscuous intercourse of the sexes, the breaking open of trunks and boxes, and robbing everything of value; the ill-treatment of the males; the starvation from sufficient food, and other evils to which these poor creatures are subjected, altogether form a picture like nothing on earth but what it is."

The quantity of exaggeration here is small in proportion to the truth, and we have learned at last that if we wish to stop the stream of Irish prostitution in our seaboard cities, we must stop it in the Passenger Ship. We may impede it, lessen it, divert it, by charitable institutions; but we can only dry it up altogether, or so far as man may, by going to its fountain head.

The late case of the *City of Mobile* has done more for Irish character than a dozen Asylums, although these are good in their way. Public opinion was brought to bear on it at both sides of the Atlantic and the result is,—a more guarded system of emigration—better regulations on board emigrant vessels—and the saving of hundreds from Boston and New York brothels. Much has yet to be done, however. What Shipping Masters have conceded to public opinion should be made a matter of Statute regulation, and what we were forced to ask as a boon, every emigrant ought to be able to rely on as a right, as sacred as her honor, and as little to be tampered with.

WE keep back our "Legends" and "Foreign Catholic Intelligence," to give place to the Hon. Edward Everett's excellent Discourse on "Agriculture." It is a production every way worthy of its author, and will be read by thousands of our readers with pleasure and profit.

CATHOLIC LIBRARIES AND READING ROOMS.

ABOUT a year ago a few Catholics in this city formed a Society and opened a Reading Room and Library for the Catholics of New York. It now supplies one of the many wants so long felt by our community. Its success has exceeded the most sanguine expectations of its founders. They possess an extensive Library and Reading Room; and have made arrangements for a course of "Free Lectures" to be delivered this fall and winter.

It is with pleasure that we welcome a similar institution amongst our Catholic neighbors in Brooklyn. The Christian Brothers with their accustomed zeal for guarding the morals and advancing the intellectual improvement of youth, have established the "St. James's Catholic Library and Reading Room" in connection with their School in Jay street. It now contains about six hundred volumes of the best works in every department of Literature.

The Reading Room is supplied with the principal Catholic newspapers and magazines published in this country and in Europe. Particular care is taken that no disorder or annoyance shall occur. The expenses attending such an Institution are considerable. To meet this, in part, as well as to keep the Reading Room and Library supplied with all new Publications as soon as issued, the small sum of one dollar a year is charged for the use of the Reading Room and Library. We heartily wish this Institution success, and hope before many years pass to see hundreds like it all over the country.

A meeting of unemployed workingmen, numbering several thousand, met in Tompkins square on Monday, 2nd inst., and appointed a committee to urge upon the Common Council the necessity of taking immediate measures for carrying out Mayor Wood's suggestions with reference to furnishing relief for the mechanics and laborers who are now suffering for lack of work.

MARCH OF INTELLECT.—We copy the following notice, *verbatim et literatim*, from one posted up in the village of White Plains:

take Notice 1857 There will be Preaching on the Redemption of spiret soul and Body on sunday Nov the I At two o clock P M at the depot in West White Plains By James Poillon if Good Weather.

THE Most Rev. Archbishop, administered the Sacrament of Confirmation, on Sunday, the 1st inst., in St. Raymond's Church, Westchester, to 250 persons.

A CATTLE "DRIVE" ON THE NUECES.

I.

Come Rancheros all!
Mount, and away we'll ride!
The leaves begin to fall,
And over is summer-tide.
The herds forsake the woods,
And take to the open plains,
Skirting the streams and floods
Swoln by autumn rains.

II.

Ride! Vaqueros, ride!
We're off on a "drive" to-day,
Over the prairies wide,
To gather the strays-away;
All in the Mustang-Pen,
Now is the branding time,
Follow, fast-riding men!
Our jingling spurs quick chime.

III.

Ride! Muchachos, ride!
There's fire on the plain behind!
Rolling a flaming tide,
Driven before the wind,
The Tavalis from the fen
Gallop in gangs away,
And over the rattle-snake's den
The Prairie hawks watch their prey.

IV.

Lope! Cavalleros, lope!
Lo! on the horizon's bound,
Dotting the emerald slope,
The cattle are grazing 'round;
Each on his course away,
Forward! is now the word
We'll make a "big drive" to-day,
And meet at the Stoney-ford.

V.

Away! good steeds, away!
Over the broad green sward,
Past the young Does at play
And antler'd Bucks on guard;
Hoa! Hoa! Hoa!
Fast at the whip's loud crack,
Heifers and steers a-row
Follow the leaders' track.

VI.

Fast to a center comes
The gathering-gangs from far,
Like when belligerent drums
Summon the troops to war;
Now with the trampling crowd
The prairie's all alive,
The old Bulls bellowing loud,
As onward the herd we drive.

VII.

Speed! Muchacho, speed!
Head off that old dun-steer!
He'll make the herd stampede,
The Stoney-ford is near.
Now thro' the Mesquital
Dashing in broken lines,
On thro' the sharp Nopal,
And thickets of tangled vines.

VIII.

Who-a! Who-a! Who-a!
Drivers upon the flanks,
Slow! Slow! Slow!
Down the Arroyo banks;
Up the opposing side,
Now the Corral is near,
Closing the rear we ride,
And end the "drive" with a cheer!

R. P.

NOTES TO CATTLE "DRIVE"—*Banchero*, a Cattle Breeder. *Vaquero*, a Cow-herd, pronounced *Vakero*. *Muchacho*, a boy, having the sound of *cha* in chariot, and *cho*, in chosen. *Tavali*, a wild boar, the *l* sounded gutteral, like the Irish, Loch. *Cavallero*, literally, a horseman, pronounced *Cavalyero*. *Mesquital*, a Mesquit wood, pronounced *Meskital*. *Nopal*, Prickly Pear bushes. *Arroyo*, the deep bed of a water course.

CARD.

We would call the attention of Libraries and Religious Institutions to our Catalogue of Foreign and American Books, which we will supply on the most reasonable terms. We have also a Bindery in connection with our Bookstore, where all jobs intrusted to our care will be done neatly and in any style to suit customers.

D. & J. SADLIER & Co.,
164 William street, New York.

We would call the attention of the Catholics of Troy and vicinity to the advertisement of Francis Roarke, 10 1-2 King street, where he keeps constantly on hand a large assortment of Catholic and Miscellaneous Books, Prayer-Books, Beads, and Religious Articles. He is also Agent for the TABLET.

BUSINESS NOTICES.

NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS.—Subscribers who may receive bills will please attend to them immediately, as our terms are payment in advance. We intend making the TABLET a first-class paper, and we cannot do it without adopting, as far as practicable, the cash principle.

NOTICE.—Wanted—A number of men, in the different States of the Union, to act as Agents for the TABLET, and for the sale of books. None but persons who can be well recommended need apply. D. & J. SADLIER & Co.

NEW AGENTS FOR THE TABLET.

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RHODE ISLAND.—Mr. Joseph Eagan is authorized to collect and receive subscriptions for the TABLET in Rhode Island.

Mr. O. Fay is authorized to convass for the TABLET in all the towns he may visit in this State.

Mr. Thomas P. Whelan is authorized to act as Agent for the TABLET in all the towns he may visit in the States of Illinois, Wisconsin, &c.

Mr. John O'Malley will visit all the towns on both sides of the Hudson this and following weeks. He is fully authorized to collect and receive subscriptions for the TABLET. He has a good assortment of books on hand.

Mr. D. O'Sullivan has consented to act as our Agent in Flint, Michigan.

BIRTH.

On Sunday, Nov. 1st, at 87 Gold street, Brooklyn, ISABELLA, the wife of Cean Conroy, Esq., chemist, of a daughter.

CARDINAL DE BERULLE.

HIS LIFE, HIS WRITINGS, AND HIS TIMES.

Translated from the French of M. Nourrisson,
PROFESSOR OF PHILOSOPHY AT CLERMONT,
By Arthur F. Knobloch.

CHAPTER II.

CONTROVERSIES.

Berulle is appointed almoner to Henry IV—Imposture of Martha Brossier—Treatise on Energumens—Numerous conversions wrought among the Protestants—Duperron and Francis de Sales—Conference at Fontainbleau—Three discourses addressed to Protestants—Berulle wins the favor of Henry IV—He is offered, and refuses the tutorship of the Cauplin.

FRANCE was at this period a prey to religious dissensions, and the vanquished Protestants saw their standard deserted by a prince, who once a staunch defender of their cause, was now their true antagonist. Henry IV. had become convinced that the kingdom was essentially Catholic. "You must no longer shift about," bluntly said to him the Marquis d'O: "eight days more and you will have a king in France, if you do not take a prompt and firm resolution to attend Mass." Therefore that he might reach the throne, the conqueror of Arques and Ivry, as he on a former occasion had done, to escape from the massacre of Saint Bartholomew, abjured his faith, guaranteeing to his former co-religionists by the Edict of Nantes civil and political privileges which Louis XIV. in a blind and hasty moment violated. There is no doubt it would have been a source of much joy to him to have seen his example universally followed, and the Catholic creed become the creed of all his subjects; for this unity of belief would have added strength to the unity of the government. "His idea was to bury all bitter recollections of the Past; in the sweetness of peace, and so bring together into one harmonious whole, his subjects who were divided on account of religion into two contending parties, that they might obliterate from their minds the remembrance of their former hostilities. Therefore without having recourse to violence, he favored with all his heart and soul the efforts of the clergy to increase the number of conversions, and showed partiality to those ecclesiastics, whose talents entitled them as much as their birth to prominence. As early as 1599, he appointed Berulle his almoner.

In spite of his youth, Berulle had already become distinguished by his ardent, yet at same time prudent zeal in the art of conversion, and even ere he had been elevated to the priesthood he had wrought several important conversions. We must here mention the skill he exhibited in exposing the impositions practised by a young girl, called Nicole, a native of Rheims, who created some excitement by her pretended trances. He questioned this girl, laid bare her trick, and compelled her to drop her mask. Madam Acarie lent him no little assistance in this matter, and contributed through an innocent artifice to unveil the hypocrisy of which the public was the dupe. Having given Nicole a sealed letter and asking her the following day if she opened it, Nicole swore that she had not read it. But Madam Acarie discovered the fraud, for she missed the small bits of paper she had enclosed therein.

Berulle's piety, however, led him to use much circumspection in such matters, as he subsequently proved in the case of Martha Brossier. This girl who averred that she was possessed, excited for a while the curiosity of the people, and drew around her a large number of visitors. Among them was a certain physician named Marescot, who took upon himself to refute what seemed to him, and what was after all a bold imposture. He published a lampoon, entitled: *A True Account of the Case of Martha Brossier*, in which, not satisfied with giving vent to his indignation at so palpable a trick, he took occasion to oppugn underhandedly the doctrine of the Church on the influence of devils. Berulle who had exorcised Martha Brossier, felt called upon to reply to Marescot's insinuations. With this purpose in view he composed his *Treatise on Energumens*, followed by *A Discourse on the Possession of Martha Brossier, in Answer to the Calumnies of a Physician of Paris*, by Leo d'Alexis.

"The style of the 'Treatise on Energumens,'" says Bourgoing, "is concise and vigorous, the reasoning conclusive and calculated to impart instruction to the ignorant and carry conviction to the mind of the unbeliever. This subject had never been better treated. We know the enemies of Truth were dazzled by the new light which he brought to bear upon it."

The soundness of his views, and the tact evinced denoted in Berulle a superior intellect. His learning, moreover, was reputed equal to his judgment.

Leo Duval, doctor of the Sorbonne, had undertaken to rescue from Protestantism a president of the parliament of Pau, John Bence, a man of ripe culture, and whose learning enhanced his natural obstinacy.

Berulle was admitted to the conferences which were held between the magistrate and the controversialist. Taking himself in time a part in the controversy, he discussed the points at issue with such a closeness of logic that the president of Pau was reduced to silence, and led to embrace the Catholic religion. Many others, and among them persons of note, Baron de Salignac, a young lady who bore the surname of L'Huillier, a gentleman, son of the governor of Vendome, Madame de Bains, at that time bearing in her womb one who became, in the course of time, the priores of the convent of the Incarnation in Paris, yielded to the persuasive art of the young controversialist. But it was not only in individual cases that he exercised his holy and irresistible influence. Converted by his eloquence, whole families returned to the bosom of the Church. So it turned out with the four daughters of Abra Raconis and their brother. The latter became a Capuchin, and two of his sisters entered, one the Order of the Recolettes, the other the Carmelite Order, wherein she assumed the name of Mother Clara of the Holy Sacrament. We seldom meet with a narrative possessing a matter of more interest than the account in which Mother Clara relates the tenacity with which she resisted Berulle's evangelical pursuit, and how in the end she was compelled to surrender, being won over more by the tender pleadings of Christian charity, than by the arguments advanced in support of the Christian faith.

"A short time after my arrival in Paris, Berulle who appeared quite young, and not over seventeen or eighteen years, made believe I was his mother that this might afford him a pretext for the assiduity of his visits, and he continued them for a period of more than six months without being at all discouraged, although I gave him every reason I could think of for becoming so. As I was familiar with his manner of knocking at the door, which consisted in raps made at different intervals, he being engaged in reading some book while waiting for some one to let him in, I took pleasure in making him wait a considerable time at the door. Sometimes, too, I pretended to have been intrusted with some commission from an old Huguenot uncle of mine, and that I was in a hurry to execute it, or I concealed myself in some corner of the house without any one knowing where I was. Yet so strong was his charity that nothing of all this did in any way tend to weaken it, while on the contrary, my designs, the disappointments which he was made to bear, my resistance and my stubbornness seemed to imbue him with new courage. Whatever measures I took to avoid him, he invariably found me out. When I exhibited the most reluctance, he would throw himself at my feet, beseeching me to hear him, and his patience so far from becoming exhausted, notwithstanding the severe test to which I subjected it, he not seldom came to see me morning and evening, though his home was at a distance considerably remote from mine. Seeing this I called the assistance of my ministers, as if they had been my tutelar angels. . . . . Berulle willingly offered to meet them in a conference, and he came with me to the hotel of the Duchess of Bar, sister of the late King Henry IV., to find her minister, and attack him in his own citadel. But the minister who until now had had no knowledge as to whom he would have to deal with, remained so completely shut up in his room after he had caught a glimpse of him through his window, that nothing could induce him to open his door, although I rapped at it for more than half an hour. This weak and timid misfster who had failed to keep his engagement at the appointed hour, and at the place assigned and mutually agreed upon, although I came there in punctual time, met me the following day, and feigning not to have seen M. de Berulle, enquired who was the young gentleman he had seen me with in the garden. Having in reply to his question informed him that it was M. de Berulle, he thereupon began to inveigh against him, calling him a little bigot who never stirred away from church; finding nothing in him to blame but his extreme piety which he felt bound to honor. A superintendent however who stood in high repute among the brethren, presented himself. He possessed sufficient assurance to enter the lists against M. de Berulle, but, even at the second answer, he was so dumbfounded as to be driven to the necessity of surrendering, and he withdrew from the contest, calling his successful opponent as he did so, Sorbonnist. M. de Berulle remained near me as composed as if nothing had been said to him. All those in whose championship I had placed my reliance though failing to assist me, I did not for all that surrender yet, but told him if he could set my mind at rest on two points—the infallibility of the Church, and the real presence of the body and blood of Christ in the Eucharist, I would yield and accept the whole creed. This he immediately accomplished by reducing into writing the arguments which he judged best adapted to this end, with such clearness and such force, that I did not feel able to offer any further opposition to Truth, and it was to me as deep a source of gratification to behold her victorious, and triumphant over me, as I had hitherto apprehended her. As soon as I had yielded my assent, language is too weak to express the actions of grace this servant of God performed, and the humility he practised on that occasion."

The priesthood in clothing Berulle with new authority, raised him at once to the level of the most noted of Catholic clergymen, and converted him into the Protestants' most formidable adversary. Therefore, none inspired so much confidence in Cardinal Duperron, Bishop of Evreux, "that rare and admirable genius whose almost divine works are the strongest bulwarks of the Church against modern heretics." "If it be to convince heretics," says this illustrious prelate, "bring them to me. If it be to convert them, present them to M. de Geneve. But if it be both to convince and persuade them, apply to M. de Berulle." "M. de Berulle," writes Francis de Sales to a bishop friend of his, "is a man whom God has endowed with manifold gifts, and it is impossible to hold familiar intercourse with him without reaping therefrom some benefit. He is every inch of him what I myself would fain be. I have seldom met with a mind which dwells so indelibly impressed in my memory!"

One could not easily receive a higher tribute of praise, and forsooth what a man must he have been who united the dialectics of a Duperron with the unction of a Francis de Sales!

Now that we, under pretext of tolerance, have fallen into indifference in matters of religion, it will be difficult for us to appreciate the momentous events which stirred the minds of the men of the XVIth and XVIIth century. Then the salvation of the soul was deemed a matter of serions importance, and although the antagonism of parties contributed much to keep alive religious excitements, still there gushed in private consciences a stream of faith which has been drained, and the heart felt a need of principles which we have learnt to dispense with. They engaged in discussions, they thirsted after knowledge. True or false, they did not accept the convictions formed by the fortuitous circumstances which attended their earlier days, or which owed their birth to the influence of the hour, or to political dogmatism. They wished to decide knowingly and freely, a question in which one's interests for eternity are involved. Hence arose those frequent debates in which the weapons of eloquence determined questions more effectually than the secular sword. They appealed to the sound traditions of the Church. It was by the power of eloquence alone that Athanasius confounded Arius; Saint Augustine, the Donatists and Pelagius. And when through their theories Roscelin, and after him Abelard assailed indirectly the mysteries, these lofty minds did not bend under persecution, but to a victorious argumentation. Did not the Council of Trent invite the adherents of Luther to a fair and decisive explanation? Thus while Francis I. had erected stakes, and Charles IX. authorized a horrible slaughter, Henry IV. clothed, it is true, in less authority over the present because of the past, yet at the same time more moderate, prudent, and practical, while he cherished in his inmost heart the hope to see Catholicity triumphant over Protestantism, asked for nothing more than a peaceful triumph. He even often did not scorn to preside over the conferences, where, as in an arena, came to wrestle the rival creeds.

It was in one of those solemn meetings that Berulle signalized himself for the first time. Henry IV. had in 1600, provoked a conference at Fontainbleau between Duperron and Duplessis Mornay, whose influence among those of his sect had won for him the surname of "Pope of the Huguenots." The Bishop of Evreux thought he could not do better than to choose Berulle for his second. The attendance was imposing. The king's presence, a brilliant and numerous court added a singular prestige to the solemn character of the controversy.

"Henry IV.," says a biographer of Duperron, "was desirous of being present at the conference, which began on the fourth day of May, at one o'clock, immediately after the king's dinner-time."

Behind the king were seated the Archbishop of Lyons, the Bishops of Nevers, Beauvais, and of Castres. On the left hand sat the four Secretaries of State.

Behind those who composed the conference were seats for Mess. de Vaudemont, de Nemours, de Mercœur, de Mayenne, de Nevers, d'Elbeuf, d'Aiguillon, de Joinville, and for the officers of the Crown, counsellors of State, and other lords both Protestant and Catholic.

About two hundred persons occupied the seats back of them.

Mornay deemed himself invincible. The *Treatise on the Institution, Practice and Doctrine of the Eucharist in the Ancient Church*, in which he assailed the dogma of the Real Presence, appeared to him irrefutable. He established, so to speak, the very spot on which the battle was to be fought. Duperron led off the debate and dealt the first blows. Berulle resuming the attack, urged it on with so much spirit, that notwithstanding his unconquerable pride, Mornay dumbfounded hastened to leave the assembly, and retired immediately to Saumur of which he was the Governor. Thus this man, "bred in the trenches, and not in the closets of wisdom, either human or divine, was made to repent having dared to address this great body of the Roman Catholic and Apostolic Church."

The result of this conference was, forsooth, incalculable. From that day, especially, the work of conversion made rapid progress through Berulle's influence. Saint Mary Dumont, M. de Belins, a nobleman of Saintonge, and his wife; Guy, Count of Laval, Baron de Vignoles, M. Berger, counsellor in Parliament, M. de Lesigny, M. de Sechelles, Sire Bouchard, his former preceptor, who had allowed himself to be lured into the meshes of Calvinism, were of those whom he caused to recant. His presence was from this time forward so much an object of dread to Protestant preachers, that more than once he, in order to prevent them from fleeing, was compelled to use a little piece of stratagem, and cause himself to be called M. de Viel-Verger, or M. de Serilly, after the names of two estates which belonged to his family. The Church of France seemed to have in him her best and only champion. Henry IV. often commissioned him by express order to confer with Protestant ministers.

And it was not only in oral discussions that the learned priest excelled in combatting the reformed religion. He could too, when the occasion required it, wield the pen, and his writings were no less impressive than his words. Such was the discourse he composed on the subject proposed in the discussion between Father Gonthier, of the Society of Jesus, and Sire Dumoulin, in which he treats on the *Mission of the Pastors, the Sacrifice of the Mass, and the real presence of the Body and Blood of Christ in the Eucharist.* The success which this discourse obtained was immense, and Father Cotton, the king's confessor, asserted that its contents were being read at the court with the greatest avidity.

Having risen so rapidly to distinction, Berulle might evidently have won laurels much earlier, had he aspired after them. But never was there a man who showed himself less actuated by interest, or who better refuted by his conduct the jealous rivals who had more than once charged him with ambition. The bishopric of Nantes, Lucon, and Lyons were in turn proposed to him, and he was also urged the acceptance of the Abbey of Saint Stephen of Caen, and of St. Genevieve of Paris. He had made, when elevated to the priesthood, a secret vow never to accept of any benefice, and remained immovable in his resolution. The king himself was unable to persuade him to alter that determination. "You do not wish then, to receive at my hands what I offer you?" said he to him one day, "I will have you ordered to do so by another." "Sire," replied Berulle," if your Majesty urges me any further, I shall be under the necessity of leaving his kingdom." Henry IV., struck with wonder, thus addressed M. de Bellegarde: "I have used every means in my power to tempt him, and have not suc-

ceeded. I think there be not another who could stand such a test." "Mark well that man," added he, "he is a saint, and carries with him still his pristine innocence."

Henry IV. was fain to have such priests as Berulle frequent his court. Their presence could not otherwise than have been productive of good to the old leaguers. Therefore he spared neither kind words, nor marks of esteem to attract them. "Here I am between two of my best friends," he exclaimed aloud in embracing them one day, while promenading, between Fathers Cotton and Berulle, the gallery of the Louvre. Sometimes he had recourse to gentle chidings: "You do not love my court," said he to Berulle, "you never come to it, unless I send for you. You are too solitary."

So many kind advances, and so much courtesy, made no impression on Berulle. The purity of his soul, his simpleness of heart, scorned the intrigue he would inevitably have met with, and besides, he felt confident that "courtiers are so wedded to the world, that as a general thing there is more to lose than to gain by coming in contact with them."

This respectful but invincible disinclination of Berulle for the court manifested itself on an important occasion.

In 1604, a preceptor was to be named for the Dauphin, afterwards Louis XIII. Pope Urban VIII., the young prince's godfather, designated Berulle through the medium of the nuncio, Cardinal Barberini. Father Cotton and Mary de Medicis heartily seconded so felicitous a choice, and the king declared himself ready to ratify the same. Nothing more therefore was needed but Berulle's compliance to invest him with an office then so much envied. This compliance he refused to give at once, and wished for some time to consider the matter. Wearied by this delay, and perhaps too glad to find a pretext to annul a nomination he seemed forced to accede to by public opinion, Henry IV., through a singular whim in which the gascon element of his character revealed itself, intrusted the education of the Dauphin to the poet Des Yveteaux who, at a later day, was dismissed on account of "the reputation he enjoyed of being loose in his habits, and indifferent in his faith!" Des Yveteaux had just completed the training up of the Duke of Vendome, the natural son of Henry IV. and of Gabrielle d'Estrees. As for Berulle, Providence destined him for another task. Madam Acarie, who remembered the words of Dom Beauvoisin, had from the beginning told Father Cotton that those negotiations would amount to nothing, and that M. de Berulle was destined to found an order which was wanting to the Church in France to provide her with good priests and immediate pastors. The deplorable condition of the clergy at that period, the talents which Berulle had already put forth, amply authorized similar conjectures. But ere he should decide to found the Oratory, it devolved upon the holy priest to introduce the Carmelites into France.

(To be continued.)

UNITED STATES ARMY.—It is well known that a large number of naturalized citizens enlist in the military service of the United States. Those who in these hard times may think of entering the ranks ought to know, that promotion, *if they are Catholics*, is not conferred, no matter what may their good conduct be, or length of service. They should also know that the Chaplains, always Protestant, are permitted to visit the Catholic soldiers and insult them by solicitations to apostatize. When the great Andrew Jackson was President of the United States, this interference with the faith of Catholic soldiers was suppressed by the old hero most effectually. We trust that the present administration, or the secretary of war, may be induced to remind commanding officers, that when a man enlists he does not sell his conscience.—*Cincinnati Catholic Telegraph.*

The above are certainly grave charges, and merit immediate attention. To deny promotion to the Catholic soldier, solely on account of the religion he professes, is certainly contemptible enough; but to attempt his perversion, is fiendish as it is unprincipled. Persecution for conscience' sake may suit the shallow comprehension of a clique, but should be discountenanced by a government like ours. We hope, therefore, the Executive will lose no time in remedying this monstrous outrage by imitating the example set them by the warrior-statesman of New Orleans under similar circumstances.

THE ENGLISH ARMY STANDARD.—Heavy Cavalry—From 5 feet 5 to 5 feet 9 inches. Light Cavalry—From 5 feet 5 to 5 feet 8 inches. Cavalry in India—From 5 feet 5 to 5 feet 7 inches. Infantry—Men and lads from 5 feet 4 inches. Infantry in India—Men from 5 feet 4 inches and not under 18 years of age.

An Italian confessor being once asked by a young ecclesiastic what was the best book of meditation, answered emphatically, "the crucifix." Books are good reading, but the cross is best for meditation. Nevertheless those are not to be blamed who use a book to assist them in continuing their attention to this most useful exercise.

Father Faber is preparing a new work on the Seven Dolors, to be ready before Lent.

AGRICULTURE.

EDWARD EVERETT'S ADDRESS AT BUFFALO,

Delivered Before the New York State Agricultural Society, Oct. 9, 1857.

FRIENDS, FELLOW-CITIZENS, WELCOME!

The surpassingly beautiful spot where we are assembled this day is one of no ordinary interest. We are met in full view of the outlet of one of the most considerable of those inland seas which form so marked a feature in the geography of our continent. We can almost hear the roar of its waters as they plunge at yonder world-renowned cataract,* to the lower level of the sister lake. The prosperous city, under whose immediate auspices we are assembled, has, within the experience of living men, grown up from a small village on the skirts of an Indian reservation, to be the busy mart of a vast inland trade. Behind us, uniting, in what may truly be called the bonds of matrimony, the waters of the mighty lakes with the waters of the mighty ocean, enduring monument of one of the most honored sons of New York, stretches far to the east that noble canal, which alone, perhaps, among the works of its class, has sustained itself in the competition with the railroad and the locomotive. In front of us, spread out the fertile domains of a friendly neighboring power the home of a kindred race, separated from us by a narrow stream; a region to which we have closely grappled with hooks of steel, or at least with hooks of railroad iron, and the still stronger bonds of a mutually beneficial commercial reciprocity. We have come together on this interesting spot, at the invitation of the New York State Agricultural Society, to hold the farmer's autumnal holiday. From the remotest quarters of the Empire State and her sister Republics, the railroads which have thrown their vast network over the country have afforded a ready conveyance to multitudes. Other multitudes have descended your magnificent lake, in those unparalleled steamers, which, with scarce an interval of time, have taken the place of the bark canoe that skimmed its surface at the beginning of the century. Others from the adjacent province have crossed that noble suspension bridge, a wonder of engineering skill. In behalf of the respectable association in whose name I have the honor to speak, on this spot from which the simple children of the forest have not yet fully disappeared, from whatever quarter, by whatever conveyance you have assembled, I bid you welcome. Friends, fellow-citizens, welcome! The woods have put on their gorgeous robes of many colors to receive you; the vaporous atmosphere has for this day hung up its misty veil, to shield you from the too fervid sun; the sparkling waters of Niagara River bid you "HAIL AND FAREWELL," as they hurry downward to their great agony; and Autumn spreads before you the rustic hospitality of her harvest home.

IMPORTANCE OF AGRICULTURE.

Our existence, as individuals, or communities, must be kept up by a daily supply of food, directly or indirectly furnished by agriculture; and that, if this supply should wholly fail for ten days, all this multitudinous, striving, ambitious humanity, these nations and kindred and tribes of men, would perish from the face of the earth, by the most ghastly forms of dissolution. Strike out of existence at once ten days' supply of eight or ten articles, such as Indian corn, wheat, rye, potatoes, rice, millet, the date, the banana, and the bread-fruit, with a half dozen others which serve as the forage of the domestic animals, and the human race would be extinct. The houses we inhabit, the monuments we erect, the trees we plant, stand in some cases for ages; but our own frames—the stout limbs, the skilful hands that build the houses and set up the monuments and plant the trees—have to be built up, recreated, every day; and this must be done from the fruits of the earth gathered by Agriculture. Everything else is luxury, convenience, comfort—food is indispensable.

Then consider the bewildering extent of this daily demand and supply, which you will allow me to place before you in a somewhat coarse mechanical illustration. The human race is usually estimated at about one thousand millions of individuals. If the sustenance of a portion of these multitudinous millions is derived from other sources than Agriculture, this circumstance is balanced by the fact that there is a great deal of agricultural produce raised in excess of the total demand for food. Let, then, the thoughtful husbandman, who desires to form a just idea of the importance of his pursuit, reflect, when he gathers his little flock about him to partake the morning's meal, that one thousand millions of fellow-men have awakened from sleep that morning craving their daily bred with the same appetite which reigns at his family board; and that if, by a superior power, they could be gathered together at the same hour for the same meal, they would fill both sides of five tables reaching all round the globe where it is broadest, seated side by side, and allowing eighteen inches to each individual; and that these tables are to be renewed twice or thrice every day. Then let him consider that, in addition to the food of the human race, that of all the humble partners of man's toil—the lower animals—is to be provided in like manner. These all wait upon Agriculture, as the agent of that Providence which giveth them their meat in due season; and they probably consume in the aggregate an equal amount of produce; and finally, let him add in imagination to this untold amount of daily food for man and beast the various articles which are furnished directly or indirectly from the soil for building materials, furniture, clothing, and fuel.

But although agriculture is clothed with an importance which rests upon the primitive constitution of our nature, it is very far from being the simple concern we are apt to think it. On the contrary, there is no pursuit in life which not only admits, but requires, for its full development, more of the resources of science and art—none which would better repay the pains bestowed upon an appropriate education.

WATER AS A FERTILIZER.

Simple water is one of the most effectual fertilizers, and in some countries, irrigation, carried on with no moderate degree of hydraulic skill, is the basis of their husbandry. While walking, on one occasion, with the late Lord Ashburton, in his delightful grounds in Hampshire, just before he departed on his special mission to this country, in one of the intervals of our earnest conference on the North-eastern Boundary, he told me that he had expended ten thousand pounds sterling in conducting round his fields the waters of the little river—the Itchen, I think—that flows through the property, and that it was money well laid out. The famous water-meadows of the Duke of Portland, at Clipstone, have been often described, where the same operation has been performed on a still more extensive scale. Mr. Colman's interesting volumes on European agriculture contain accounts of other works of this kind, but I confine myself to those which have fallen under my own observation.

Nor are these the only operations in which agriculture calls for the aid of well-instructed skill. That moisture, which in moderation is the great vehicle of vegetable nourishment, may exist in excess. Vast tracts of land are lost to husbandry in this country, which might be reclaimed by dykes and embankments, or become fertile by drainage. Land is yet too abundant and cheap in America to admit of great expenditures in this way, except in very limited localities; but the time will no doubt come when, in the populous portions of the country, especially in the neighborhood of large cities, the sunken marshes which now stretch along our coast will be reclaimed from the ocean as in Holland; and thousands of acres in the interior, now given up to alder swamps and cranberry meadows, be clothed with grass and corn. There are few farms of any size in the country which do not contain waste spots of this kind—the harbor of turtles, frogs and serpents—which might be brought at moderate expense and some hydraulic skill into cultivation. Other extensive tracts are awaiting the time when the increase of population and the enhanced value of land will bear the expense of costly operations in engineering. The marshes on the sea-coast of New England, New York and New Jersey, probably exceed in the aggregate the superficies of the Kingdom of the Netherlands, the greater part of which has been redeemed by artificial means from the ocean—a considerable tract, covered by the Lake of Harlem within a few years. Now, if we could only add a new territory to the Union as large as the Kingdom of the Netherlands, by the peaceful operations of husbandry, it would be a species of *annexation* to which I for one should make no objection. All the resources of science have been called into operation in that country, under the direction of a separate Department of the Government to sustain the hydraulic works which protect it from the ocean. The state of things is similar in the fens of Lincolnshire and Bedfordshire. All the spare revenues of the Grand Duke of Tuscany have been appropriated for years to the improvement of the low grounds on the coast of that country, once the abode of the powerful Etruscan Confederacy, which ruled Italy before the ascendancy of the Romans, now, and for ages past, a malarious, uninhabitable waste.

CULTURE OF THE GRAPE.

The culture of the grape and the manufacture of wine have already become considerable branches of industry, and afford great scope for the application of chemical knowledge. The vineyards in the neighborhood of Cincinnati and St. Louis, though limited in extent, already bear, in other respects, a creditable comparison with those of Europe. All the processes of manufacture rival those of the Province of Champagne and the Rhine, both in integrity and skill—a remark which I venture to make from some opportunities of personal comparison. Time, no doubt, will eventually bring to light a belt of territory—probably in the interior, or in the western portion of the continent (for we do not find wine in the eastern portion of Asia)—which will equal the most delicate vintages of Burgundy, Bordeaux, or Xeres. Nor is it less probable that many vegetable products now imported from foreign countries will be naturalized here. It is but a century since the first experiments were made on the American Continent in the cultivation of rice and cotton; and there is no reason to doubt that whatever the Old World produces will flourish within the same isothermal lines in this hemisphere. The recent agricultural reports from the Patent Office contain very important indications and suggestions on this branch of husbandry.

AGRICULTURAL MACHINERY.

Closely connected with this department of Agriculture is another, in which the modern arts have made great progress, and in which inventive sagacity is still diligently and successfully employed,—I refer to agricultural machinery—improved implements of husbandry. This is a field in which the creative powers of the mind seem to be at work with an activity never before equalled, and which is likely to produce more important results in this than in any other country. This supply of labor in the United States has not kept pace with the demand, as it can rarely do in a new country, where strong temptations exist for enterprizing attempts in every branch of industry. This state of things has furnished very powerful inducements for the introduction of labor-saving machinery, and implements and the proverbial ingenuity of our countrymen has been turned with great success in that direction. Your exhibition grounds fully justify this remark. Even the good old plough has become almost a new machine in its various novel forms; and other implements of the most ingenious contrivance and efficient action have been invented. The cultivator, the horse-rake, the mowing-machine, the reaper, and the threshing-machine, are daily coming into use in Europe and America, and producing the most important economy of labor. Successful attempts are making to work them by steam. It was said long ago of the cotton-gin, by Mr. Justice Johnson, of the Supreme Court of the United States, that it had doubled the value of the lands in the cotton-growing region; and the moving-machine, the reaper, and the threshing-machine are destined, almost to the same extent, to alleviate the severest labors of the farmer's year. The fame of the reaper is not confined to this hemisphere. At the Great Exhibition of the Industry of all nations, in London, in 1851, it mainly contributed to enable American art to hold up her head in the face of the civilized world.

DOMESTIC ANIMALS.

But there is still another department of agriculture which opens the door to research of a higher order, and deals with finer elements,—I mean that which regards the domestic animals attached to the service of man, and which are of such inestimable importance as the direct partners of his labors, as furnishing one of the great articles of his food, and as a principal resource for restoring the exhausted fertility of the soil. In the remotest ages of antiquity, into which the torch of history throws not the faintest gleam of light, a small number, selected from the all but numberless races of the lower animals, were adopted by domestication into the family of man. So skilful and exhaustive was this selection that 3,000 years of experience, during which Europe and America have been settled by civilized races of men, have not added to the number. It is somewhat humbling to the pride of our rational nature to consider how much of our civilization rests on this partnership—how helpless we should be, deprived of the horse, the ox, the cow, the sheep, the swine, the goat, the ass, the reindeer, the dog, the cat, and the various kinds of poultry. In the warmer regions this list is enlarged by the lama, the elephant and the camel—the latter of which, it is not unlikely, will be extensively introduced in our own southern region. It may be said of this subject, as of that to which I have already alluded, that it is a science of itself. No branch of husbandry has, within the last century, engaged more of the attention of farmers, theoretical and practical, than the improvement of the breed of domestic animals, and in none perhaps has the attention thus bestowed been better repaid. By judicious selection and mixtures of the parent stock, and by intelligence and care in the training and nourishing of the young animals, the improved breeds of the present day differ probably almost as much from their predecessors a hundred years ago, as we may suppose the entire races of domesticated animals do from the wild stocks from which they are descended.

TOWN AND CITY LIFE.

In acknowledging, as I do most cheerfully, the important relations of city life and commercial pursuits to the entire social system of the country, I leave of course out of account—I have no words but of abhorrence—for the organized conspiracies, swindling and plunder, which exist side by side with the legitimate transactions of the stock exchange. It is not one of the least perplexing anomalies of modern life and manners, that while avowed and thus far honest gambling (if I may connect those words) is driven by public opinion and the law, to seclude itself from observation within carefully tyled doors, there to fool away its hundreds, perhaps its thousands in secret—discredited, infamous—blasted by the anathemas of deserted, heart-broken wives and beggared children—subject at all times to the fell swoop of the police—the licensed gambling of the brokers' board is carried on in the face of day; its pretended sales of what it does not own, its pretended purchases of what it does not expect to pay for, are chronicled in the public prints to the extent of millions in the course of a season, for the cruel and dishonest purposes of frightening innocent third parties into the ruinous sacrifice of *bona fide* property, and thus making a guilty profit out of the public distress and the ruin of thousands.

I do not claim for agricultural life in modern times the Arcadian simplicity of the heroic ages; but it is capable, with the aid of popular education and the facilities of intercommunication, of being made a pursuit more favorable than city life to that average degree of virtue and happiness to which we may reasonably aspire in the present imperfect stage of being. Accordingly, we find that the tenure on which the land is owned and tilled—that is, the average condition of the agricultural masses—decides the character of a people. It is true, that the compact organization, the control of capital, the concentrated popular talent, the

* Niagara.

vigorous Press, the agitable temperament of the large towns, give them an influence out of proportion to numbers; but this is far less the case in the United States, than in most foreign countries, where the land is held in large masses by a few powerful landholders. Divided as it is in this country into small or moderate-sized farms owned, for the most part, and tilled by a class of fairly-educated, independent, and intelligent proprietors, the direct influence of large towns on the entire population is far less considerable than in Europe. Paris can at all times make a revolution in France; but not even your imperial metropolis could make a revolution in the United States. What the public character loses in concentration and energy by this want of metropolitan centralization is more than gained by the country in the virtuous mediocrity, the decent frugality, the healthfulness, the social tranquillity of private life. I trust I do full justice to the elegant refinements, the liberal institutions, the noble charities, the creative industries, the world-encompassing energy of the cities; but the profuse expenditure of the prosperous, the unfathomed wretchedness of the destitute, the heaven-defying profligacy of the corrupt, the insane spirit of speculation, the frantic haste to become rich, the heartless dissipation of fashionable life, the growing ferocity and recklessness of a portion of the public Press, the prevailing wordliness of the large towns, make me tremble for the future. It appears to me that our great dependence, under Providence, must be more and more on the healthy tone of the population scattered over the country—strangers to the excitements, the temptations, the revulsions of trade, and placed in that happy middle condition of human fortune, which is equidistant from the giddy heights of affluence, power, and fame, and the pinching straits of poverty, and as such most favorable to human virtue and happiness.

AGRICULTURE MAN'S PRIMITIVE EMPLOYMENT.

While the city is refreshed and renovated by the pure tides poured from the country into its steamy and turbid channels, the cultivation of the soil affords at home that moderate excitement, healthful occupation, and reasonable return, which most conduce to the prosperity and enjoyment of life. It is, in fact, the primitive enjoyment of man,—first in time, first in importance. The newly-created father of mankind was placed by the Supreme Author of his being in the garden, which the hand of Omnipotence itself had planted, "to dress and to keep it." Before the heaving bellows had urged the furnace, before a hammer had struck upon an anvil, before the gleaming waters had flashed from an oar, before trade had hung up its scales or gauged its measures, the culture of the soil began. "To dress the garden and to keep it,"—this was the key-note struck by the hand of God himself in that long, joyous, wailing, triumphant, troubled, pensive strain of life-music which sounds through the generations and ages of our race. Banished from the garden of Eden, man's merciful sentence—at once doom, reprieve, and livelihood—was "to till the ground from which he was taken," and this, in its primitive simplicity, was the occupation of the gathering societies of men. To this wholesome disciple the mighty East, in the days of her ascendancy, was trained; and so rapid was her progress that, in periods anterior to the dawn of history, she had tamed the domestic animals, had saddled the horse, and yoked the ox, and milked the cow, and sheared the patient sheep, and possessed herself of all the cereal grains, (with the exception of maize, and that controverted,) which feed mankind at the present day. I obtained from the gardens of Chatsworth, and sent to this country, where they germinated, two specimens of wheat, raised from grains supposed to have been wrapped up in Egyptian mummy-cloths, 3,000 years ago, and not materially differing from our modern varieties; one of them, indeed, being precisely identical—thus affording us the pleasing assurance that the corn which Joseph placed in Benjamin's sack, before the great pyramid was built, was not inferior to the best Genesee of the present day.

AGRICULTURE AMONG THE ANCIENTS.

Agriculture, I say, was the great pursuit of the primeval East. Before the intellectual supremacy of Greece was developed, while the Macedonian sword slept in its scabbard, before the genius of military domination was incarcate in the Roman legion, while the warlike North yet wandered in her pathless snows, the Persian traveled far on the road to universal conquest and empire. From the Ionian Gulf to the Indus, from the Tanais to the sources of the Nile, 127 satraps, in the name of the great king, administered that law of the Medes and Persians which never changed; and throughout this mighty monarchy—one of the most extensive that ever obeyed one ruler—next to war agriculture was the honored pursuit. On this subject the Greek historian Xenophon has preserved to us a charming anecdote. On a certain occasion, one of those half-mythical Persian sovereigns into whose personal history the philosophers of Greece delighted to weave their highest conceptions of royal polity, Cyrus the Younger received Lysander, the envoy of the Grecian allies at Sardis; and conducting him into the royal grounds, pointed out the beauty of the plantations, the straight avenues of trees, their rectangular disposition, and the fragrant shrubbery that shaded the walks. "Truly," cried the Spartan warrior, unused to those delightful but manly refinements, "I admire the beautiful scene, but much more should I admire the artist by whose skill it was created." Cyrus, pleased with this commendation, exclaimed, "It was all laid out and measured by myself, and a portion of the trees planted by my own hands." The astonished Lacedæmonian chieftain, looking up at Cyrus, arrayed, as was and is the fashion of the East, in royal purple, his arms and fingers sparkling with rings and bracelets, and his robes exhaling perfumes, exlaimed, "You have planted these trees with your own hands?" "Yes, by heavens," cried Cyrus, "nor do I ever go to my dinner till I have earned my appetite by some military or agricultural exercise." The Spartan saw in these manly, strength-giving, life-giving, gymnastics the secret of the power which for the time had mastered the world, and, clasping the hands of the virtuous prince, exclaimed, "Justly hast thou prospered, O Cyrus! thou art fortunate because thou deservest to be."

The Persian sank beneath the sword of the Macedonian, whose short-lived empire fell with its youthful founder. Had Alexander the Great planted trees in the intervals of his wars, and drank water, like Cyrus, he might have lived to establish the most extensive empire which the world has yet seen. But a new portent of conquest was springing up in the West, on the frugal acres of Etruria and Latium. That Cincinnatus who drove the Æqui and Volsci from the gates of Rome; that Paulus Æilius, who led the last king of Macedonia with his family in triumph up the steps of the Capitol; that Scipio, who at Zama forever broke the power of Carthage; those iron-handed, iron-hearted consuls who conducted the Roman legions over degenerated Greece, and fiery Africa, and effeminate Asia,—in the intervals of war and conquest, tilled their little Latian farms. That stern censor, who first made the name of austere frugality synonymous with Cato, wrote a treatise on the cultivation of the soil; and so sure was a great Roman chief, in the best days of the Republic, to be found at his farm, that the sergeant-at-arms, sent by the Senate to summon them to the command of legions and the conquest of nations, were technically called *viatores*, "travellers."

AGRICULTURE IN MODERN TIMES.

The greatest political philosopher and most consummate statesman of modern Europe, Edmund Burke, who saw further than any of his countrymen into the cloudy future which hung over the close of the eighteenth century, at the meridian of his life, and while most engrossed in public business, purchased a large farm. "I have," says he in a letter written to a friend in that most critical year of English politics, 1769, "just made a push with all I could collect of my own and the aid of my friends, to cast a little root in the country. I have purchased about six hundred acres of land." Those immortal orations, which revived in the British Senate the glories of the ancient eloquence, were meditated in the retirement of Beaconsfield; and there also were composed those all but inspired appeals and expostulations, which went to the heart of Europe in the hour of peril, and did so much to expose the deformity and arrest the progress of that godless philosophy—specious, arrogant, hypocritical and sanguinary—which, with liberty and equality on its lips, and plunder, and murder, and treason, in its heart, waged deadly war on France and mankind, and closed a professed crusade for republican freedom by the establishment of a military despotism.

A greater than Burke in this country, our own peerless Washington, with a burden of public care on his mind such as seldom weighed upon any other person—conscious, through a considerable part of his career, that the success not only of the American Revolution, but of the whole great experiment of Republican Government, was dependent in no small degree upon his course and conduct—yet gave throughout his life, in time of peace, more of his time and attention, as he himself in one of his private letters informs us, to the superintendence of his agricultural operations, than to any other object. "It will not be doubted," says he, in his last annual message to Congress, (7th of December, 1796,) "that, with reference either to individual or national welfare, agriculture is of primary importance. In proportion as nations advance in population and other circumstances of maturity, this truth becomes more apparent, and renders the cultivation of the soil more and more an object of public patronage." On the 10th of December, 1799, Washington addressed a long letter to the manager of his farms—the last elaborate production of his pen—transmitting a plan, drawn up on thirty written folio pages, containing directions for their cultivation for several years to come. In seven days from the date of this letter his own venerated form was "sown a natural body, to be raised a spiritual body."

Nearly all the successors of Washington in the Presidency of the United States, both the deceased and the living, passed, or are passing, their closing years in the dignified tranquillity of rural pursuits. One of the most distinguished of them, Mr. Jefferson, invented the hill-side plow. Permit me also to dwell for a moment on the more recent example of the four great statesmen of the North, the West, and the South, whose names are the boast and the ornament of the last generation—Adams, Calhoun, Clay, and Webster—who forgot the colossal anxieties, the stern contentions, the herculean labors, and the thankless sacrifices of the public service in the retirement of the country, and the calm and healthful pursuits of agriculture.

A PHILOSOPHER OF THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY DEMOLISHED.

A celebrated sceptical philosopher of the last century—the historian Hume—thought to demolish the credibility of the Christian Revelation, by the concise argument, "It is contrary to experience that a miracle should be true, but not contrary to experience that testimony should be false." In what book-worm's dusty cell, tapestried with the cobwebs of age, where the light of real life and nature never forced its way—in what pedant's school, where deaf ears listen to dumb lips, and blind followers are led by blind guides—did he learn that it is contrary to experience that a miracle should be true? Most certainly he never learned it from sower or reaper—from dumb animal or rational man connected with husbandry. Poor Red-Jacket, off here on Buffalo Creek, if he could have comprehended the terms of the proposition, would have treated it with scorn. Contrary to experience that phenomena should exist which we cannot trace to causes perceptible to the human sense, or conceivable by human thought! It would be much nearer the truth to say that within the husbandman's experience there are no phenomena which can be rationally traced to anything but the instant energy of creative power.

Did this philosopher ever contemplate the landscape at the close of the year, when seeds, and grains, and fruits have ripened, and stalks have withered, and leaves have fallen, and Winter has forced her icy curb even into the roaring jaws of Niagara, and sheeted half a continent in her glittering shroud, and all this teeming vegetation and organized life are locked in cold and marble obstruction; and after week upon week and month upon month have swept, with sleet, and chilly rain, and howling storm, over the earth and riveted their crystal bolts upon the door of nature's sepulchre; when the sun at length begins to wheel in higher circles through the sky, and softer winds to breathe over melting snows, did he ever behold the long-hidden earth at length appear, and soon the timid grass peep forth, and anon the Autumnal wheat begin to paint the field, and velvet leaflets to burst from purple buds, throughout the reviving forest; and then the mellow soil to open its fruitful bosom to every grain and seed dropped from the planter's hand, buried but to spring up again, clothed with a new mysterious being; and then, as more fervid suns inflame the air, and softer showers distil from the clouds, and gentler dews string their pearls on twig and tendril, did he ever watch the ripening grain, and fruit, pendant from stalk and vine and tree; the meadow, the field, the pasture, the grove, each after his kind arrayed in myriad-tinted garments, instinct with circulating life; seven millions of counted leaves on a single tree, each of which is a system whose exquisite complication puts to shame the shrewdest cunning of the human hand; every planted seed and grain, which had been loaned to the earth, compounding its pious usury thirty, sixty, a hundred fold,—all harmoniously adapted to the sustenance of living nature—the bread of a hungry world; here a tilled cornfield, whose yellow blades are nodding with the food of man; there an unplanted wilderness,—the great Father's farm,—where he "who hears the raven's cry" has cultivated with his own hand, his merciful crop of berries, and nuts, and acorns, and seeds, for the humbler families of animated nature;—the solemn elephant, the browsing deer, the wild pigeon, whose fluttering caravan darkens the sky; the merry squirrel, who bounds from branch to branch, in the joy of his little life,—has he seen all this,—does he see it every year, and month, and day,—does he live, and move, and breathe, and think, in this atmosphere of wonder—himself the greatest wonder of all, whose smallest fibre and faintest pulsation is as much a mystery as the blazing glories of Orion's belt,—and does he still maintain that a miracle is contrary to experience? If he has, and if he does, then let him go, in the name of Heaven, and say that it is contrary to experience that the August Power which turns the clods of the earth into the daily bread of a thousand million souls could feed five thousand in the wilderness?

A RURAL PICTURE.

As a work of art, I know few things more pleasing to the eye, or more capable of affording scope and gratification to a taste for the beautiful, than a well-situated, well-cultivated farm. The man of refinement will hang with never-wearied gaze on a landscape by Claude or Salvator; the price of a section of the most fertile land in the West would not purchase a few square feet of the canvass on which these great artists have depicted a rural scene. But nature has forms and proportions beyond the painter's skill; her divine pencil touches the landscape with living lights and shadows, never mingled on his pallet. What is there on earth which can more entirely charm the eye, or gratify the taste, than a noble farm? It stands upon the southern slope, gradually rising with variegated ascent from the plain, sheltered from the north-western winds by woody heights, broken here and there with moss-covered boulders, which impart variety and strength to the outline. The native forest has been cleared from the greater part of the farm, but a suitable portion, carefully tended, remains in wood for economical purposes, and to give a picturesque effect to the landscape. The eye ranges round three-fourths of the horizon over a fertile expanse,—bright with the cheerful waters of a rippling stream, a generous river, or a gleaming lake; dotted with hamlets,—and, if the farm lies in the vicinity of the coast, a distant glimpse from the high grounds of the mysterious, everlasting sea, completes the prospect. It is situated off the high road, but near enough to the village to be easily accessible to the church, the schoolhouse, the post-office, the railroad, a sociable neighbor, or a travelling friend. It consists in due proportion of pasture and tillage, meadow and woodland, field and garden. A substantial dwelling, with everything for convenience and nothing for ambition,—with the fitting appendages of stable, and barn, and corn-barn, and other farm buildings, not forgetting a spring-house with a living fountain of water,—occupies upon a gravely knoll, a position well chosen to command the whole estate. A few acres on the front, and on the sides of the dwelling, set apart to gratify the eye with the choicer forms of rural beauty, are adorned with a stately avenue, with noble solitary trees, with graceful clumps, shady walks, a velvet lawn, a brook murmuring over a pebbly bed, here and there a grand rock, whose cool shadow at sunset streams across the field; all displaying in the real loveliness of nature, the original of those landscapes of which art in its perfection strives to give us the counterfeit presentment. Animals of select breed, such as Paul Potter, and Morland, and Landseer, and Rosa Bonheur, never painted, roam the pastures, or fill the hurdles and the stalls; the plow walks in rustic majesty across the plain, and opens the genial bosom of the earth to the sun and air; nature's holy sacrament of seed-time is solemnized beneath the vaulted cathedral sky; silent dews, and gentle showers, and kindly sunshine, shed their sweet influence on the teeming soil; springing verdure clothes the plain; golden wavelets, driven by the west wind, run over the joyous wheat-field; the tall maize flaunts in her crispy leaves and nodding tassels;—while we labor and while we rest, while we wake and while we sleep, God's chemistry, which we can not see, goes on beneath the clods; myriads and myriads of vital cells, ferment with elemental life; germ and stalk, and leaf and flower, and silk and tassel, and grain and fruit, grow up from the common earth;—the mowing machine and the reaper—mute rivals of human industry, perform their gladsome task; the well-piled wagon brings home the ripened treasures of the year; the bow of promise fulfilled spans the foreground of the picture, and the gracious covenant is redeemed, that while the earth remaineth, summer and winter, heat and cold, day and night, seed-time and harvest, shall not fail.—*Abridged from the N. Y. Daily Times.*

OUR LONDON CORRESPONDENCE.

The Indian News.—Delhi still standing.—Lucknow holding out.—Discrepancies in Despatches.—Revolts.—Executions.—The Mohurrum.—Lord Elgin.—Lord Canning and Sir Colin Campbell.—Letter from Lord St. Leonards.—Reply from the Duke of Norfolk.—The arrangements of the Patriotic Fund" exceedingly unsatisfactory" to Catholics.—An inquiry promised.—The Rev. Canon O'Neal's Speech.—Speech of Rev. Mr. Maxe, P.P., in Tralee.—Declaration of a "strong" Protestant.—Meer Ali's subscription.—Recruits not to be had.—The Dry goods' clerks won't be soldiers.—The Flunkies neither.—English patriotism.—Gen. Havelock's son.—Her Majesty's visit to Lord Aberdeen.—Dissolution of the Belfast Gun Club.—Inauguration of the Moore Statue in Dublin.—The Shadow of the Castle on the affair.

LONDON, 16th October, 1857.

The news just received from India shows but very little change in the state of affairs there. Delhi still was unattacked, but the assault was to have been given after the arrival of a siege train, which was expected on the 1st of September according to one despatch, on the 3rd, according to another. Brigadier Gen. Nicholson had arrived with reinforcements and had routed a body of the insurgents, who attempted to get to the rear of the besiegers for the purpose of intercepting the siege train, and took thirteen guns from them. General Havelock was still at Cawnpore; Sir James Outram had arrived at Allahabad and was to push forward to join Havelock when they would march their combined forces to relieve Lucknow. The garrison of the latter place had been able to make sorties and to obtain provisions. Major Eyre had had the advantage in an engagement with the insurgents of Dinapore. The latter after the action directed their march towards Delhi. Large bodies of insurgents from Oude threatened Benares and Allahabad. At Agra the English were still confined within the fort. A native prince, who had joined the insurrection with a cavalry regiment and several regiments of infantry, was stationed between Alighar and Cawnpore, and it was no doubt an outpost of this force that was attacked by Major Montgomery near the former place. The spirit of revolt had not yet died out. The telegram received at the Foreign Office announces the rising of the 10th Light *Cavalry* at Ferozepore while the despatch to the *Times* announces a revolt of the 10th Light *Infantry* at the same place. The announcements and details of news we have received since the commencement of the outbreak seem to be as carefully prepared as the above despatches; they are a perfect chaos from which it is impossible to get a proper idea of the situation. The 51st Native Infantry, the 55th, the 5th Bengal Irregulars and a portion of the 2nd Bombay Light Cavalry had revolted. The first two are said to have been suppressed, and the last mentioned force disarmed. Executing, blowing from guns and other English and *Christian* atrocities had been performed to show the Hindoos that the English are not to be beaten in anything. The much dreaded Mahommedan festival of the Mohurrum or New Year passed over

with considerable tranquility; Lord Elgin had left Calcutta for Hong Kong. So there is no remarkable or striking feature in the news received; the next mail will probably bring more interesting intelligence, one way or the other, and aid us to define the actual position of the hostile bodies.

A daily paper entirely contradicts "on the highest authority" the report that Lord Canning and Sir Colin Campbell were already at loggerheads. It states that a letter has been received, by the present mail, from Lord Canning to the President of the Board of Control expressing his satisfaction at the doughty Scot's arrival and his conviction that he would prove a tower of strength in the council as well as in the Camp. As the sheet in question gives the statement "on the highest authority" we are bound to believe it.

The Cardinal's pastoral and Dr. Cullen's letter have been taken hold of as affording excellent opportunities of airing the vituperative vocabularies of the Protestant journals. The charges made by Dr. Cullen have brought forth a letter from Lord St. Leonards, the Chairman of the Executive and Finance Committee of the Crimean Relief Fund, in which his Lordship states his belief that the arrangements satisfied all classes and every denomination of Christians. His Grace the Duke of Norfolk has nobly come to the rescue in a note addressed to Lord St. Leonard's, in which his Grace enlightens his Lordship as to the error of the latter's belief that the arrangements of the patriotic fund satisfied "all classes and every denomination of Christians." His Grace states that on the contrary those arrangements have been "exceedingly unsatisfactory" to Catholics, and concludes by saying that he would be much obliged to his Lordship if he would, during the coming Session of Parliament move for returns upon the subject that the public may see how the Fund had been applied and how far the distributors of it respected the feelings of their Catholic fellow subjects. Lord St. Leonards has promised in another letter that an inquiry shall be made into the affair. The Rev. Canon O'Neal in a speech delivered by him at a meeting of the Parish of St. Marylebone, complained of the very partial manner in which the Crimean Fund has been disposed and animadverted on the unjust and generous interpretation given to Cardinal Wiseman's Pastoral. At a meeting in favor of the Indian Relief Fund in Tralee, the Rev. J. J. Mawe, P.P., while strongly advocating a subscription gave the authority of the Bishop of Agra for stating that in many instances the children of Catholic soldiers who had laid down their lives for England, had been sent to Protestant institutions and bronght up in the Protestant sect. The Rev. Gentleman appealed to the most zealous Protestants present, if there was one among them who would not strongly protest against such conduct. Mr. Francis Crosbie, after premising that no one could hold more Protestant feelings than he does, said he would not subscribe sixpence to any fund if he did not think it would be applied to the purpose for which it was collected, and, moreover, notwithstanding his strong Protestant feelings, if a subscription of one shilling sterling would bring over the whole Catholic population he would not give it. I only wish that all those who hold "strong Protestant opinions" were like Mr. Crosbie.

Among the subscriptions received is one of £100 sent to the Lord Mayor through the Mercantile Bank of India, London, & China, by Meer Ali Morad of Kheerstord, Upper Scinde. The East India Company may one time or another prove their gratitude to Meer Ali in the pleasant manner they have proved it to other native princes.

The persecution of the dry goods clerks and of the whole family of the "Jeameses" still go on, but these worthies seem determined not to be caricatured into going to India to pay with their blood for the crimes, blunders, and imbecility, of the "Barnacles." I cannot say that I blame them. Notwithstanding the lowering of the military standard there is no getting recruits. We are told by some writers that the cause of this is the vicious organization of the army which places an impassable barrier to the advancement of the private soldier to a respectable grade. The same authorities tell us at the same time that the country is burning with patriotism, mad to revenge the "atrocities" of the Sepoys, and enflamed with military ardor, yet the impossibility of rising prevents enlistments. If this be true, English patriotism must be of a very curious description and by no means disinterested.

General Havelock's son, Lieutenant Havelock, of the 10th Foot, has been appointed by the Commander-in-Chief to a Captaincy in the 18th Royal Irish. Is this done to propitiate the Irish?

Her Gracious Majesty with the Prince Consort, with some other members of the Royal Family, did Lord Aberdeen the favor of a visit on her way back from Balmoral. The reception given to his Royal Mistress by the Earl was, it said worthy of the occasion. However, I have no doubt that Lord Aberdeen like other Earls, thanks heaven that royal visits are few and far between.

The Belfast Gun Club voluntarily dissolved itself. At a meeting held at the rooms of the Club, it was resolved that as the Association had been solely formed for purposes of self-defense against the riotous attacks of the Orange faction, and as the Government had pronounced condemnation on that body and its leaders, the Gun Club, willing to believe that the authorities would henceforth afford them sufficient protection for their lives and properties, dissolved by association. I hope their expectations will not be realized.

The inauguration of the Statue of the inimitable Irish band took place on Tuesday. However painful it may be I must say that the proceedings were not worthy of the occasion. The atmosphere was one calculated to stifle any genuine burst of Irish enthusiasm, for officials were numerous in the neighborhood of the statue. The Lord Lieutenant had no business on earth there except to throw a damper on the whole affair. As a friend remarked to me, the Shadow of the Castle fell upon it, and it was no wonder that Thomas O'Hagan did not do more justice to the splendid subject he had to treat. It certainly must require no ordinary amount of Castle-flunkey power to prevent an Irishman from being truly eloquent in the praise of him who unbound the National Harp:

And gave all its chords to Light, Freedom and Song.

W.

OUR PARIS CORRESPONDENCE.

Stuttgardt versus Weimar.—Austrian and French Notes.—The Principalities and the German Press.—The Ministerial Crisis in Spain.—The Pope's Allocution.—A Plenary Indulgence granted.—Visit of his Holiness to Civita Vecchia.—The Bank of France.—Deaths of remarkable persons.—The Archbishop of Dublin.—Consecration of the Bishop of Saint Flour.—Interesting Ceremony.—The remains of the martyred Abbe Chapdelaine.

PARIS, 15th October, 1857.

The late Imperial interviews which have taken place at Stuttgardt and Weimar have occupied, and still occupy, much of the attention of the French and foreign Press. I have judged it useless to reproduce in my letters the thousand and one rumors as to the objects treated of, and the results arrived at in, those interviews, for the simple reason that the journals which pretended to be thoroughly acquainted with the programme of those Imperial Conferences are now proved to have known no more about them than ordinary mortals. For instance, certain sheets pretended that the Stuttgardt meeting was a diplomatic triumph of Russia over Austria, a Muscovite Rowland for the Oliver of the treaty of 15th April between France, Austria, and England. The interview at Weimar between the Emperor Nicholas and Francis-Joseph, however, soon showed the shortsightedness of those self-confident publicists. One journal went so far as to give a full and complete list of all the matters to be treated of in both meetings, but the sapient organ took care that however things should eventually turn out it should not be completely wrong in its statements, and prudently mentioned *all* the questions which at this moment engage the attention of Europe. The fact is, that as yet the press and the public know nothing of what transpired either at Stuttgardt or Weimar However, we will soon be enlightened on the subject; for some days past much has been said of a note addressed by Count Walewski to the diplomatic agents of France at foreign courts, explaining the character and object of the interview at Stuttgardt as well as of a document of the same nature emanating from the Viennese Cabinet. As soon as these documents are made public all uncertainty will cease, and until then we can afford to let the matter rest.

The triumph of the Union party in the principalities has driven the Austrian journals into a frenzied state. It is now their turn to call for new elections, and they accuse the Caimakan Vogorides whom they before so energetically defended when the result of the elections was according to their desires.

We are as yet completely in the dark with regard to the ministerial crisis in Spain. The only reliable information we have is, that the Queen has accepted the resignation of the ministers. As to the various combinations put forth for the formation of a new ministry, none of the rumors received are sufficiently guaranteed to merit mention here.

The *Univers* has published a translation of the Allocution pronounced by His Holiness Pope Pius IX. in the Secret Consistory, held on the 25th ultimo. Not having time to translate it before the closing of the mails, I send you the French version of the *Univers*, though I presume the English journals will bring you translations *in extenso*. The principal motive of His Holiness' journey through his States was to satisfy his special devotion to the Immaculate and Blessed Virgin Mary, by paying his homage at the Shrine of Loretto. His Holiness expresses his joy and his gratitude to Heaven for the affection which the populations of the cities and towns through which he passed showed him throughout his journey. So great was the joy manifested everywhere at the approach of the Holy Father that his voyage has become a perpetual and solemn triumph for our holy religion. His Holiness has completely silenced the absurd rumors circulated by a worthless portion of the Press as to the import of certain petitions presented to His Holiness, which, if we are to believe those veracious sheets, were brimful of revolutionary spirit. All the petitions presented to His Holiness during his journey have been granted; they related exclusively to local and commercial matters. His Holiness concludes by addressing an exhortation to the dignitaries of the Church throughout the Catholic Universe to prescribe public prayers in their dioceses for the purpose of imploring the Lord, that his Holy Church and its salutary doctrine, may be freed from all difficulties, may daily increase throughout the earth, may prosper and extend its empire and that all nations may be united in the unity of the Faith and the knowledge of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. And in order that the prayers of the faithful may be inspired with fervor his Holiness grants a plenary indulgence, in the form of a jubilee, which may be earned within the period fixed by the spiritual chiefs of each locality, to the end of the year 1858 and not afterwards, in the same manner as in the jubilee granted by his Holiness' encyclical letters of the 2nd November, 1851.

His Holiness contemplates visiting Civita Vecchia about this date. The Municipality is already making preparations for a grand reception and a *feu d'artifice* on a magnificent scale has been ordered. The expenses of the *fete* are estimated at 80,000 francs. General Goyon, the French commandant at Rome, has written to the Colonel commanding at Civita Vecchia to prepare the palace he occupies for the reception of the Holy Father.

The Emperor arrived in Paris on the 11th. His Majesty and the Empress have returned to the palace of St. Cloud. Their Majesties are about to finish the season by a visit to Compiegne where arrangements are already being made for the Imperial hunting parties. The *Sport* announces that the departure of the Court is fixed for the 18th. A number of invitations have already been given.

The financial complications in the United States having obliged the Bank of England to increase the rate of discount one per centum, the General Council of the Bank of France, in view of that measure, has in its session of the 12th raised the rate of discount on commercial paper, and the interest on advances on public securities to six and a half per centum. The measure is generally approved.

The *Gazette de France* has lost one of its editors, M. Thenot, who died on Monday last. The obsequies were celebrated on the following day at Saint Germain des Pres. M. Thenot, who had the department of Fine Arts in the *Gazette*, was a painter of no small merit, and some of his water colors are much esteemed. He was the author of a Treaties on Water Colors, and a work on Perspective. The *Spectateur* formerly the *Assemblee Nationale* has also lost one of its editors, M. Stanislas Vienot. Monsieur Patrick Dillon, Consul General, Charge d'Affaires of France at Haiti, has also died here of a disease contracted at San Francisco, during his official residence in that city. To the sad list is also to be added the Spanish General Antonio Arnais, formerly lieutenant of Generals Cabrera and Balmaceda, during the Carlist War, and well known at that period by the name of the *Estudiante*, who died at Nantes, leaving a wife and six young children.

Among the distinguished arrivals in the city I notice that of His Grace the Archbishop of Dublin.

On the 28th M. Lamoroux de Pompignac, who, as I have already informed you, has been appointed Bishop of Saint Flour, will be consecrated in his native city. Three reverend prelates, the Cures of the disocese, the Prefect of Cantal, the Sous Prefect of Mauriac and of Murat, the pupils of the Grand Seminary of Saint Flour, and a great number of ecclesiastics from various quarters will assist at the imposing ceremony.

A very interesting ceremony took place on Sunday the 10th instant, in one of the communes of the Banlieue. The Cardinal Archbishop of Paris blessed a charitable institution, recently established in the Commune of Saint-Ouen for the instruction of young children, attending the sick and assisting the aged. His Eminence accompanied by M. Etienne, Superior-General of the Lazarites and of the Filles de la Charite, Abbe Buquet, the vicar-general, the Cure of the Parish and several other members of the Clergy, went in procession to the Parish Church where he delivered an eloquent exhortation. His Eminence, then visited the house in which are to be opened an asylum-school and a workroom, under the superintendence of three Sisters of St. Vincent de Paul. According to custom, those pious ladies, before taking possession of the establishment knelt at the feet of their first pastor while the Superior-General addressed to his Eminence a touching allocution. The blessing of the different parts of the house next took place and the ceremony terminated by the singing of the *Te Deum*. An immense and respectful crowd surrounded the venerable prelate for the purpose of receiving his benediction.

The late news from China brings information that the remains of the French missionary, the Abbe Chapdelaine, who was beheaded by the Chinese, have been placed on board one of the vessels, of the French squadron now before Canton, and that they will soon arrive at either Cherbourg or Brest. The arrival of the mortal remains of the noble martyr will, I am assured, be the occasion of grand and imposing ceremonies.

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NEW YORK MARKETS.

COAL—The demand for domestic has been quite active, especially for the local trade, and prices of small size by the cargo are a shade better—this being in small stock and wanted; but large size is abundant and unsaleable. The demand for manufacturing and for furnaces has greatly fallen off compared with last year, and many who have hitherto been able to purchase on four months at the mines, can no longer do so; hence we have a great falling off in the demand, and consequently diminished receipts at tide water, which is particularly noticeable the past week; sales by the cargo are few at: $4@$5 05 ℔ tun, and from yard $5 10@$5 50. In foreign the business has been limited and at lower prices; the stock is moderate, quite equal to the demand.

FLOUR AND MEAL—The demand for Western Canal Flour is fair, early in the day mainly confined to the home trade. After 'Change a fair inquiry may be noted for export, and at the close a good degree of firmness prevailed; and less inclination to sell after the receipt of the Persia's mail. The sales are 11,700 bbls., at $4 70@$4 70 for common to good State; favorite do. at $4 75; $4 80@$5 10 for extra do.; $4 60@$4 70 for common to good superfine Indiana and Michigan; $4 75@$5 50 for extra do.; $5 20@$5 70 for common to good extra Ohio; $5 70@$7 10 for good to choice do.; $6 50@$7 20 for St. Louis brands, and $5 60@$7 60 for extra Genesee. Canadian Flour is well sustained and in fair request.

GRAIN—Holders of wheat are firm, especially for Prime qualities; these are scarce and wanted for milling and for export; after next month this demand is likely to fall off somewhat; this should induce farmers to sell freely now.

HIDES continue dull; sales to-day of 350 West Salted Bermuda, 70 ℔. average, on private terms, and 500 City Slaughter, 65 ℔. average at 6½c. per ℔., nett, cash

WOOL—The market has not assumed any symptoms of returning animation since our last, and business is still quite prostrate; the demand is confined to very small parcels required for immediate consumption. Prices are still quite unsettled, but for good indorsed notes are decidedly in buyer's favor; the manufacturing interest, however, is so prostrate at present that holders of Wool look with suspicion on all parties, and most of them are reluctant to part with their stock unless for cash.

THE CATTLE MARKET—RULES OF THE MARKET.

THE SALES OF BEEF CATTLE are made at a price agreed ℔ head—the value is calculated upon estimated weight of meat in the quarters. When Beef is quoted at 10c. ℔ ℔., a bullock that will dress 8 cwt., exclusive of hide and fat, brings $80. Beeves are mostly sold by "Cattle Brokers," who are regular commission salesmen, who receive the stock and sell generally on credit to the butchers, charging the owners one commission for sales and guaranty. The brokers also buy droves and sell on their own account. Drovers or farmers may be their own salesmen, but sales for cash do not realize as much as brokers' sales.

VEAL CALVES are sold by the pound, live weight, and generally, for first quality, from 6@7½c.; second quality 4½@5c. ℔ ℔. "Kittens"—that is, calves only two or three days old—are sold at so much ℔ head—some of them at $1 25@$2. Autumn, or grass calves, four to six months old, range from $4@$8 ℔ head.

COWS—As a general rule, the value of an ordinary cow is governed by the price of beef—estimating her weight, if fat, and adding a few dollars. Sometimes cows sell very much higher than this, on account of fancy, or supposed or warranted good qualities. A first rate cow, of common stock, with a young calf, will ordinarily sell for $55@$75, and one extra fine for $75@$100; while cows of about average quality sell for $35@45@$50, and some rougher or more ordinary looking ones sell at $25, $28, $30, $32 and $35, varying according to the quickness or dullness of the market, which will be noted each week, from $0@$5 a head upon different grades.

SHEEP AND LAMBS are sold at a price agreed ℔ head—seldom by live weight. The value is estimated upon the supposed weight of meat and price of pelts. The price of common Sheep ranges from $2 50@$6 ℔ head; those of extra good quality from $7@$15. Lambs, early in the season, sell at prices equal to 20c. or 25c. ℔ ℔. for the meat, and through the season from $2@$5 ℔ head, or about 10c. ℔ ℔. for the meat. The Sheep Brokers' sales of Sheep and Lambs the past year show the following figures as average prices in droves: in January, $3 50@$6 25; in April, $5@$8 25; in July, $2 50@$6; in October, $2 80@7. Sheep are generally estimated to draw half their live weight.

SWINE are mostly received by railroad from Ohio, Indiana, Illinois and Kentucky, and sold either by live weight or nett weight after they are dressed, or by estimate, as agreed. They are mostly sold before arriving, or soon after, and driven direct to the slaughter-pens. The sale-pens are at Allerton's, Bull's Head, Forty-fourth street, and the new "Hudson River Drove-Yards," at the west end of Thirty-seventh street.

EDUCATION.

ACADEMY OF THE HOLY INFANCY,

MANHATTANVILLE, NEW YORK.

Under the Direction of the Brothers of the Christian Schools.

PROSPECTUS.

SITUATED 8 miles distant from the City of New York, in an elevated position on the east bank of the Hudson River, the Academy commands a most delightful view of the magnificent scenery for which that noble stream is so justly celebrated; whilst, at the same time, the location is one of the most healthy in the Union. The large and commodious edifice occupied by the Institution, having lately undergone some important improvements and additions to the original structure, cannot fail to ensure the comfort and convenience of the Pupils.

The age for admission into this Institution is from 6 to 12 years. Children under 6, or over 12, are not admitted.

Terms:

Entrance Fee.....$ 10 00
Pension, Washing and Mending of Linen, use of Books, Stationery and Library, per annum..180 00
Mending of Clothes and Shoes, Postage of Letters, &c., form extra expenses, chargeable to the parents. Payments to be made half-yearly in advance.

Tuition.

The Course of Instruction embraces the following branches, viz.: Christian Doctrine, Reading, Writing, English Grammar, Arithmetic, Geography, History, Book-Keeping, Geometry, Algebra, Composition, Elocution, Natural Philosophy, Mythology, French, Vocal Music and Drawing.

The following are extra, viz.: Instrumental Music $60 per annum. Spanish and German Languages, each $24.

Observations.

The Scholastic year is 11 months, commencing on the 1st of September, and terminating on the 1st of August. No Pupils kept in the Institution during the annual vacation, which is from the end of July till the 1st of September.

The Pupils will have holidays to go and visit their parents and guardians, at the following times: Christmas, Easter and the 4th of July, 4 days each.

Parents can visit their children on Thursdays, from 10 to 12 o'clock, A.M., and on Sundays, between the High Mass and Vespers.

In case of serious sickness, Pupils will be confided to the care of their parents or guardians.

Outfit.

Each Pupil is required to have the following articles, viz.: 1 suit of Uniform, which is a Blue Cloth Jacket, with bright buttons, black pants and blue cap; 2 suits of Clothes for every day wear; 3 Surtouts of light stuff as linen or muslin; 3 Shirts, 3 pairs of Socks or Stockings, 3 pairs of Drawers, 3 Night Shirts, 6 Napkins of large size, 6 Towels, 8 Handkerchiefs, 3 Cravats, 2 Caps, 3 pairs of Sheets, 2 Blankets, 1 Quilt, 2 white Coverlits and 2 pairs of Boots and Shoes. A Knife, Fork, Spoon, and Goblet of silver or composition; 2 Combs, coarse and fine, a Comb-brush, Hair Brush, Tooth Brush, Clothes Brush and Shoe Brush; a small Tin box for the Toilet articles.

Communications by Letter to be made to the Brother Superior. ag8 1y

St. Patrick's Young Ladies' Academy,

CONDUCTED BY THE

SISTERS OF NOTRE DAME,

LOWELL.

Terms:

For Board and Tuition, per Session of 46 Weeks, one Quarter payable in advance.....$100 00
Washing..... 12 00
For Half Boarders, who dine at the Academy, per Session, as above..... 50 00
Piano and Vocal Music, per Quarter..... 12 00
Guitar " 12 00
Painting and Drawing..... 6 00
No extra charge for French.

THE system of instruction, commencing with the elements of an English and French education, will embrace Orthography, Reading, Grammar, Writing in various styles, Composition, Arithmetic, Algebra, Book-Keeping by single and double entry; History, Sacred and Profane, Ancient and Modern; Chronology, Geography, the use of the Globes and projection of Maps, Astronomy, Mythology, Botany, Natural Philosophy and Chemistry.

French being generally spoken by the Ladies, the course of instruction in that tongue will be thorough and entire, affording in familiar conversation, as well as recitation (during which special attention will be devoted to purity of accent and idiom), ample facilities for a perfect acquisition of the language.

Plain Sewing, Embroidery on Lace and Muslin, Bead, Chenille, Shell, Pearl and Wax Work, Tapestry, &c.

Drawing in Crayon, Indian Ink and Black Lead; Painting in Oriental Style, in water colors; Music, vocal and instrumental, Piano and Guitar. In short, all the branches usually taught in the best schools, shall be objects of attention and study in this Institute.

Pupils who board at the Academy should be provided with two pairs of Sheets, Pillow Cases, Towels, Table Napkins, Knife, Silver Fork, Spoon, a Silver or Britannia Goblet, Combs and Brushes. ag8 3m

MOUNT ST. MARY'S COLLEGE.

THIS Institution, situated on a healthy and beautiful eminence, about two miles from Cincinnati, is conducted by the secular clergy who have charge of the Cincinnati Provincial Seminary, and has for its object to furnish its pupils a thorough education under Catholic influences, and to fit them for any business or profession of life.

The infirmary, wardrobe and other domestic arrangements of the House, are in charge of the Sisters of Charity.

TERMS.—Board and Tuition (including washing, mending, &c.) payable half-yearly *in advance*.

Classical Course per session of ten months.....$1 75
Commercial " " " " 1 50

Music, if taught, will constitute an extra charge of $50 per session. Books and Stationery may be bought at the Institution.

The session opens on the 24th of August. The Institution has been honored with the cordial approbation of the Most Rev. Archbishop Purcell of Cincinnati and Most Rev. Archbishop Blanc of New Orleans.

Communication to be addressed to

REV. S. H. ROSECRANS, D.D.,
President.
jn6 3m

ST. VINCENT'S ACADEMY,

No. 44 SECOND ST., N. Y.

Under the Direction of the Brothers of the Christian Schools.

IN its present new location, this Academy, owing to the labor taken to render everything as perfect as possible, affords all the inducements that can be desired in a Catholic institution.

TERMS—High Class, including the use of Books, $32 per annum.

Preparatory Class, $28 per annum.

Music, $10 per annum, payable quarterly in advance.
sep19

EDUCATION.

ST. MARY'S COLLEGE,

WILMINGTON, DELAWARE.

THIS Institution is Catholic; the students are all carefully instructed in the principles of their faith and required to comply with their religious duties. It is situated in the northwestern suburbs of this city so proverbial for health; and from its retired and elevated position it enjoys all the benefit of the country air.

The best professors are engaged, and the students are at all hours under their care, as well in hours of play as in time of class.

The Scholastic year commences on the 16th of August, and ends on the last Thursday of June.

Terms:

The annual pension for Board, Tuition, Washing, Mending Linen and Stockings, and use of Bedding, paid half-yearly in advance, is..... $150
For Students not learning Greek or Latin..... 135
Those who remain at the College during the vacation, will be charged extra..... 15
French, Spanish, German, and Drawing, each per annum 20
Music, per annum..... 40
Use of Piano, per annum..... 8

Books, Stationery, Clothes, if ordered, and in cases of sickness, Medicines and Doctors's Fees will form extra charges.

No uniform is required. Students should bring with them three suits, six shirts, six pair of stockings, four towels, and three pairs of boots or shoes, brushes, &c.

nov17 REV. P. REILLY, *President.*

SINSINAWA MOUND COLLEGE,

WISCONSIN.

THIS Institution, conducted by the Fathers of the Order of St. Dominic, is situated in the Southwest corner of the State of Wisconsin, ten miles from Galena, Illinois, and six from Dubuque, Iowa. It occupies the most healthy and picturesque site in the West.

The numerous Railroad and Steamboat routes in the West render it easy of access at all times.

The government is mild and paternal, and directed at all times to promote the Moral and Intellectual improvement of the Pupils.

The Collegiate Year consists of Two Sessions of five months each; the first commencing on the first Monday of September in each year, and ending on the Saturday after the first Monday of February; and the second beginning on the second Monday of February, and closing with a public Exhibition some time in the beginning of July.

Terms:

Board and Tuition per session.....$60 00
Stationery and Books..... 7 00
Washing, Bed and Bedding..... 10 00
Ancient and Modern Languages, Mathematics, Music, &c., form extra charges.

REV. J. T. JARBOE, O.S.D.,
sep19 1y *President.*

COLLEGE OF ST. FRANCIS XAVIER,

No. 39 WEST FIFTEENTH STREET,

Between Fifth and Sixth Avenues,

NEW YORK.

THIS College is conducted by the Fathers of the Society of Jesus.

The course of instruction is twofold—Classical and Commercial. The Classical course, which includes Natural and Moral Philosophy, is so conducted as to fit the Students for entering at the end of their studies, whatever liberal profession they may think proper to embrace. The Commercial department is designed to prepare young men for commercial pursuits.

For further information apply at the Institution.

MICHAEL DRISCOL, S. J.,
President.

CATHOLIC BOARDING SCHOOL,

BY P. SMITH,

At Belleville, New Jersey.

ENCOURAGED by the Catholic Pastor of this place, Mr. SMITH begs to inform Parents and Guardians that he will take charge of a few Male Pupils, from the ages of seven to thirteen, or thereabouts. They will receive the kindest care, together with a sound Catholic and Commercial Education.

Terms:—$25 per Quarter, in advance.

Steamboat leaves Newark every hour up to 6 o'clock, P.M.

Mr. Smith has my warm approval and recommendation.

(Signed,) J. HOGAN,
ag29 tf Catholic Pastor.

CATHOLIC BOARDING SCHOOL,

At No. 326 Plane Street,

NEWARK, NEW JERSEY.

PARENTS and GUARDIANS will find this a very proper School for Pupils to receive a thorough English and Mercantile Education. Strict attention will be paid to their moral and religious instructions. Lowest terms for Board, Washing, and Tuition, $25 per quarter, payable in advance.

Rules and Regulations made known at the School.
ag29 tf JOHN McKINNEY, *Principal.*

ACADEMY OF MOUNT ST. VINCENT,

NEW YORK.

THIS Institution is situated on 105th street, between Fifth and Sixth Avenues, near Harlem. The Scholastic Year will commence on the first Monday in September.

TERMS.—Board, Tuition and Washing per annum, payable half-yearly in advance, $160.

Music, Drawing, Painting, French, Spanish and German languages form extra charges. ag15 2m

1857. 1857.

THE Subscriber begs to inform his friends and the public at large, that he continues to act as Agent for the well known House of

TAPSCOTT & CO.,

New York and Liverpool, and through them issue Certificates of Passage for persons coming from the Old Country, by the unequalled Lines of *Liverpool, London and Glasgow Packets.*

Drafts for £1 and upwards payable at sight in all the principal cities and towns in Europe, without discount.

For further information and particulars, apply to P. O'CONNOR, Joliet, Illinois.

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1857.

PASSAGE FROM ANY PART OF GREAT BRITAIN and IRELAND secured, at the lowest possible rates by the old established line, sailing from Liverpool for New York every five days, comprising the following magnificent Ships:

Ships.	*Captains.*	*Tonnage.*
ATMOSPHERE,	Pray,	2,000
AUSTRALIA,	Smith,	2,000
BELLE WOOD,	Tucker,	2,000
BRIDGEWATER (new),	Barstow,	2,000
CITY OF MOBILE,	Marshall,	2,000
CULTIVATOR (new),	Austin,	2,000
CYNOSURE,	Bray,	2,000
CORNELIA LAWRENCE (new),	Knapp,	2,000
DE WITT CLINTON,	Funk,	1,800
ENTERPRISE,	Davis,	1,200
GUY MANNERING,	Dollard,	2,000
JACOB A. WESTERVELT,	Brodies,	2,000
IRENE,	Williams,	1,400
JOHN BRIGHT (new),	Cutting,	2,000
MARMION,	Hadley,	1,200
NORTH AMERICAN,	Clark,	1,000
NEW SHIP,	Freeman,	2,800
OWEGO,	Stevens,	1,000
ROBERT TKELLY,	Barstow,	1,540
SARATOGA,	Trask,	1,700
THORNTON (new),	Collins,	2,000
TICONDEROGA,	Boyle,	1,400
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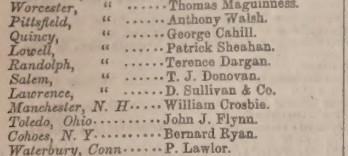

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